JOHN BULL, JUNE 6, 1931
TWOPENCE.

25TH BIRTHDAY NUMBER

JOHN BULL

OVER A MILLION SALE

Vol. XLIX.
No. 1303.

PORTABLE GRAMOPHONES FREE

"RIVERSIDE" PORTABLE GRAMOPHONES

Gift No. 35. A beautifully-toned machine, strong and handsome, made by a well-known British manufacturer. Covered in black, red or blue lizard-skin leatherette, with corner protectors. Internal horn, plush-covered 10 in. turntable, nickel handle and fittings, record carrier in lid, safety clasps. Guaranteed 2 years.

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Please send me the latest Private Seal List of Gifts in colour—including Gramophones, Wireless Sets, Razors, Everyman's Library, Rugs, Bicycles, Handbags, Suitcases, Toys, and dozens of other free gifts—and six FREE Coupons.

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J.B.6.6.31

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20 *for* 1/- 10 *for* 6d. (*cork-tipped or plain*)

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SELL Tablecloths, Towels, Silk Stockings, Overalls, Men's Socks, Ties, etc. A 1,000 Bargains. The Oldest, Largest, Cheapest and Best Wholesale firm. Write now for Catalogue B., Cochrane, Sons & Co., 2, Thomas St., Manchester.

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CHEAPEST wholesale house for beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Write for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.C.3.

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88-PAGE 1931 Wholesale Drapery Ctlgs., now ready. Post free. Finest in the Trade. Perfect, reliable and repeatable goods of quality and value. Keenest prices. All depts. Ladies', Men's, Child's, Household. Best Discount Terms. Satis. gntd. Wholesale only to the Trade.—Myers & Co., 7, Trinity Street, Leeds.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run Clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Partics. and cat. free.—Carlisle Mills, Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

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20s. in £ value. Xmas Club Agents wanted. Surprise Gift each agent, big free cat. Chocs., Cigs, Toys, Fancy Goods, etc.—Dept. 5, Garnett & Hallmey, Ltd., Newmarket Street, Grimsby.

CHRISTMAS CLUB AGENTS WANTED. Choc., Cigs., Fancy Goods, Cutlery, Drapery, Toys. Liberal Com. Free Gifts all Agents. Art. Cat. from Club Supplies, Ltd. (Dept. 51), 1, Bird-in-Hand Court, Cheapside, London.

SPARE Time Agents Wtd. Either Sex. Generous payment. No outlay. Early application essential.—Davison Bros., Ltd., Livesey Fold, Darwen, Lancs.

CHRISTMAS CLUB Agents wanted. Chocolates. Fancy Goods. Big Cash Commission. No outlay. Carter Bros., Ltd., Bedford. Est. 1832.

AGENTS, LOOK HERE! 5/- in the £ cash comm. Run household and drapery clubs. Huge variety. Catalogue and partics. free. No outlay. —Eaton & Co. (Dept. A), Lower Wortley, Leeds.

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"WHY NOT BE A SALESMAN?" This was advice given to a man dissatisfied with his earnings and future prospects. The friend introduced him to Mr. Wallace Attwood, and to-day he is drawing £600 a year. Suitable men can be trained by Mr. Attwood by post in their spare time. Send to-day for 24-page book, "The Profession of Salesmanship," post free on request.—The Wallace Attwood College, 26T, Bedford Row, London, W.C.1. ('Phone: Chancery 7526.)

MOTOR DRIVERS. — COMMERCIAL and PRIVATE positions. The finest PRACTICAL training to standard R.A.C. Certificate at the lowest inclusive fee. Day or evening. FREE employment Dept. CALL (9-7) or write, THE BRITISH SCHOOL OF MOTORING, LTD., 5, COVENTRY ST., PICCADILLY CIRCUS, W.1. (Corner Rupert St., next Lyons' Corner House.)

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A PAYING PROFESSION. SURGICAL CHIROPODY taught thoroughly and cheaply in your own Home. Qualify for the School Diploma and commence practice. Free Pros.—Director, School of Surgical Chiropody, Leatherhead.

POLICE ENTRANCE EXAM.—Expert postal tuition. Success guaranteed. Por partics. write ServiceCorrespondenceCollege, Thatcham, Newbury.

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GIVE YOUR business personality. Use distinctive 2-colour block printed headings and billheads at price of ordinary headings. Samples 1½d.—Line & Armstrong, Printers, Chiswick, W.4.

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Advertisements must be received not later than Friday for the following Thursday's issue.

Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

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USE THIS FREE SERVICE.
Local trade is limited, so why not increase sales by mail order, the modern method of trading, and display your goods in *John Bull's* "SHOP WINDOW." *John Bull* is ready to give you frank advice on the subject of selling by post and prepared to have your advertisement expertly designed and written. A shopkeeper writes: "Yours is surely the most helpful service ever offered to the small but progressive retailer." Why not find out whether your goods are suitable for Mail Order? You entail no obligation, and the service is quite free! Write now: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., *John Bull*, 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

KNITTING WOOL BUNDLES, 1½ lb. 5/-, incl. Socks, etc. White, Grey, Navy, 2/6. Colours 2/10 lb., post free. Patts., Wools, Serges, Tweeds.—Egerton Burnetts, W.B. W'house, Wellington, Som.

WOOL Sale, 1d., 11d. oz. Silky, 2½d. oz. Rug., 1/-, 1/6. Cable, 1/8 lb. 600 spls. Illus. Guide. "Scotia" Wools, 158, New Bridge St., Newcastle.

PIXIE Razor Blades.—Sheffield Made. Warranted good shavers, 1/- dozen. Agents wanted. —Dronfield Tool Company, near Sheffield.

14 SHAVES 1d. accomplished with W.W. Blades (Gillette pat.). Saves pounds. Send 1/- for doz.—Chadwick's, 68, Harwood Rd., Rishton, Lancs.

YOUR SUIT SHINES! The Lion Brisque Removes Shine, re-naps clothes. 1/-, post free.—Sheldon, 39, Paul Street, E.C.2.

"It's amazing—How do they do it?"

You save at least £1 if you buy a

Hercules

CHROMIUM PLATED CYCLE

The wonderful value you get is not approached in any other make. No wonder! Hercules are the largest makers in the world, and their gigantic output enables them to offer far better value than anyone else.

YOU CAN BUY A HERCULES AT PRICES FROM £3:19:9

(Prices apply to England and Wales only)
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Every Hercules machine is guaranteed for 50 years.

The specification of all Hercules cycles includes DUNLOP Roadster Tyres, DUNLOP Waterproof Saddle, DUNLOP Rims, Chromium Plated, HERCULES Weatherproof and Oil-Retaining Hubs, HERCULES Freewheel, and HERCULES Brakes. All Bright Parts are Chromium Plated.

ASK YOUR DEALER for the 1931 Catalogue, showing the complete range of Hercules Cycles, or write to:—

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., Britannia Works, Rocky Lane, Aston, BIRMINGHAM.

London Depot: 54, Sussex Place, S.W.7. *Manchester Depot:* 32a, Dale St.

C.F.H. 363

PRINTING. 10,000 Handbills or Billheads 16/-. Memos from 3/6 1,000. Business Cards from 5/6 1,000. Postcards, Tags, Duplicate Books, Posters, etc. Keen Priced Printing for all Businesses. Samples Free.—ZILLWOODS (Dept. J.B.6), Evans Street, Southampton.

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£50 MUST BE WON IN EASY COMPETITION. Many other Attractive Prizes. See the 53rd Birthday No. of THE EXCHANGE AND MART, the wonder weekly for private sales and wants. Now on sale 2d. all newsagents, 3d. by post from J. B. Burt, 6, Greville St., E.C.1.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2½d. per roll. Send for patterns post free.—West Riding Wallpaper Co., 52, Trinity Street, Leeds.

WALLPAPERS, Non-Combine, from 2½d. roll. Book of 1931 designs free.—Eclipse Wallpaper Co. (late of Leeds), 21, Shields Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

WALLPAPERS from mills from 2½d. roll. New Designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 8), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

WALLPAPERS.—Largest pattern book published, post free. Latest designs, lowest prices. —Blakey Morris (London), Ltd., Dept. J.B., 56 and 56, London Road, Elephant, S.E.1.

LADIES' GINGHAM OVERALL 1/3. Dust Cap given free. Outsize 1/9.—J. Fish & Sons, Derby Street, Bolton.

An "UNDERWOOD" PORTABLE TYPEWRITER for 21/- down. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 23 for further particulars.

Write for the free Illustrated CYCLE LIST offered by SELFRIDGE'S on page 14. The model illustrated can be obtained on easy payments. Be sure to write Dept. J.B.

Several CYCLE OFFERS appear in this issue. FREE CATALOGUES are offered by HERCULES (on this page), GRAVES (p. 12).

FREE. Catalogue and Patterns of "BERKELEY" UPHOLSTERY, which can be obtained for 5/- down, balance monthly, will be sent to readers filling in the coupon on page 22. The "BERKELEY" Home Model Chair is illustrated in the advt.

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CELEBRATED SPARE TIME AGENCY

BOOTS, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes and Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Drapery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches, Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.

Men in regular employment appointed as Agents.

Largest Stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission Paid. *Illustrated Coloured Catalogues.*

NO OUTLAY. ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.

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FOUR GUINEA SUITS for 42/- and a perfect fit. "Gilbert" Tailor-made Suits made from finest Indigo Botany Wool Serge. Send for patterns and self-measurement form.—Gilbert Clothing Co., Myrtle Mills, Bingley, Yorks.

Fill in the coupon in the BARRY TAILORING advt. on page 27 for latest patterns and style-book.

Readers' attention is drawn to AMBROSE WILSON'S wonderful SALE BARGAIN on page 33. A charming Frock will be sent to approved customers for 1/- deposit.

CUT COOKING COST by using the "Cookall" Oven. Saves 9d. in the 1/-. It bakes, boils, toasts, grills and fries at the same time with one burner only. This marvellous money-saver is fully described in the illustrated advertisement of the British Sa-Vall Co., in this week's "SHOP WINDOW" (page facing).

DRESS.

BABY'S BETTER QUALITY LAYETTE, 30/-, 75 modern home-made garments. Silk and Wool Shawl, Robes, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Wool Coats, Nighties, etc. Gntd. unequalled Bargain. Over 5,000 true testimonials received. Expectant mothers send 2/- for parcel on appro., then judge yourself. Mother, 16 years' exp.—Mrs. J. Howard, 66, Dover Road, Portsmouth. (Cash or Terms.)

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GRAMOPHONES, Motors, Parts. Cat. Free. Cash or terms. Build £12 model for £2. Instructions 3d.—J. Burt, 185, High St., Deptford.

PROFESSIONAL Saxophone Outfit, new gntd. £1 dep., bal. wkly. 5 days' free trial. Send for partics.—Hessy's, 20, Manchester St., Liverpool.

ITALIAN Piano Accordeon, Professional Model, 34 Treble 48 Bass, fully gntd. 30/- secures, bal. wkly.—Hessy's, Manchester St., Liverpool.

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TEA—GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.
BUY DIRECT from Wholesale Specialists, specially blended Indian and Ceylon Teas. Highly recommended. 10 lb. 10/-, 4 lb. 4/8, 4 lb. 8/-, 4 lb. 6/-, 4 lb. 7/-. Carr. pd. Special Prices large quantities. Portway Tea Co., 72, Portway, E.15.

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WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive and Permanent Cure. They cure most violent cases by eliminating the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS. Use Brooks' Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful. No steel pads, no springs; durable, cheap. Instantly drawn parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co. Ltd., 668T, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Science Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

BLADDER Weakness, Kidney Troubles, etc., cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-, Buchu, etc., or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool, Sample.

RANKIN'S Head Ointment is a sure and quick way of banishing all head pests. At the same time it adds lustre to the hair and improves its growth. Thousands of families have proved its effectiveness during the past 50 years. Sold in boxes, 4d. and 8d., from all good Chemists, or by post 5½d. and 9½d.
RANKIN & CO., DEPT. "G," KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

BLUSHING, NERVOUSNESS. — Don't waste money on quack remedies; cure yourself as I did. Interesting book on cure of Self-Consciousness sent privately for 3d.—Mr. Rivers (J.B.5), 40, Lamb's Conduit Street, W.C.1.

Sufferers from all LEG TROUBLES are offered a free sample of ELASTO and a free booklet in the advt. on page 10.

FREE TO INDIGESTION SUFFERERS a sample box of BIRLEY'S ANTACID POWDER. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 23.

A generous FREE SAMPLE of WOODWARD'S GRIPE WATER, the safe family remedy recommended by mothers, doctors and nurses, can be obtained by filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 37.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antique or Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 10, Woodstock St., London, W.1.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Row, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

DUKE'S DELICIOUS JELLIED ALMONDS, THE FAMOUS SWEET. INSIST ON DUKE'S —ASK YOUR CONFECTIONER TO-DAY.

RATS DESTROYED OVERNIGHT WITH RODINE, THE FASCINATING AND FAST RAT REMOVER. A FARMER FOUND 70 RATS DEAD AFTER USING ONE TIN. 7/6 and 1/3, ALL CHEMISTS, OR RODINE WORKS, PERTH (POST 3d. EXTRA).

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FREE. De Luxe outfit of TOKALON Preparations can be obtained on receipt of 6d. in stamps to cover postage, packing, etc.—Tokalon, Ltd. (Dep. 222), Chase Rd., London, N.W.10. Turn to the advt. on page 33

Write for free Booklet No. 96 offered by CHURCH OF ENGLAND BUILDING SOCIETY in advt. on page 30.

FREE. The latest "PRIVATE SEAL" Gifts. Fill in the coupon in the advt. on the Front Cover.

A generous FREE SAMPLE of "SANITAS" FLUID, the famous Disinfectant, will be sent to readers filling in the coupon in the advt. on page 38.

A week's free supply of COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM is offered in the advt. on page 38.

A new edition of the "KING'S ENGLISH" DICTIONARY—a marvellous book of reference—is offered on approval for 5 days' free examination. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on page 21.

Handsome Dog Book FREE. 100 pages, profusely illustrated. Sound advice and helpful hints. Write to SPRATT'S, 24B, Fencliurch Street, London, E.C.3, whose advt. appears on page 31.

HALL'S LUXOLEUM FLOOR COVERING

15/- FOR 90 SQ. FEET

Carriage Paid England and Wales.

Write now for FREE SAMPLES of this wonderful damp-proof and rot-proof floor covering. Suitable for any floor, as it lies quite flat. Will stand any amount of hard wear. Several handsome patterns.

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You can send your money to these advertisers as safely as purchasing across a shop counter, for every article is sold under JOHN BULL'S famous guarantee of absolute Satisfaction or Money Back in full.

MORE GUARANTEED BARGAINS APPEAR ON PAGE 10

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No Deposit

LADY'S SOLID SILVER WATCH

Expanding silver bracelet, thoroughly tested, three-quarter plate, jewelled movement, utmost precision, handsome dial, 25/6. On Moire Band, 20/-.

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Both warranted for 15 years. 7 Days after receipt of Watch pay 1 8 and 1/6 fortnightly.

Send to Dept. J.B. to-day for one of these marvellous watches.

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This startling Bargain in Flannel Trousers for sports, garden and every-day wear sent on return in Silver, Medium or Dark Grey. Loops for belt, hip pocket, side straps. Well made, fashionably cut. Better quality 7/6. In order to advertise our Catalogue of astounding bargains less than wholesale prices. Also exceptional bargains in hard-wearing Derby tweed 5/6, postage 9d. Over drop waist 1/- extra. Send P.O. with waist and inside leg measurements. If not satisfied these are worth double, we refund money without question.

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YOURS for 2/- deposit

GUARANTEED . HIGH GRADE

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Guaranteed Solid Leather throughout. Real Salted Bend Soles. Black or Tan Calf, Glace Kid and Patent Calf, and all Patent. Black and Tan Calf can also be supplied with Goodyear rubber soles.

Half sizes 6 to 10's.

ENTIRELY BRITISH.

Not Condemned Army Stores or Government rejects.

Yours for 2/- deposit and 7 weekly payments of 2/-. Cash Price 15/-. Postage 9d.

Money returned without quibble if not fully satisfied.

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Send for Illustrated List of other Ladies' and Gent's footwear.

Biggest Value IN FLOOR COVERING

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DAMP AND ROT PROOF specially suited for damp stone or wood floors. Lies flat without fixing.

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(all rolls 2 yards wide)

Many Pretty Patterns to choose from.

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FOR ONE WEEK ONLY

To secure a further hundred-thousand customers we are giving FREE a good quality SHAVING BRUSH (guaranteed free from Anthrax) to all who order one dozen "OCEAN" BLADES (5-hole patt.). A super-quality blade - you have never used a better one at any price. Send 1/6 for one dozen blades and gift (Bar pattern to fit new and old pattern holder 2/- doz. with gift.) Postage and Packing Free. Absolute satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. Don't miss this splendid offer.

12 BLADES 1/6

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NO OUTLAY NO TROUBLE

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Start a City and Provincial Club NOW. 1/- weekly secures all these 600 Bargains Big commissions. Best possible value.

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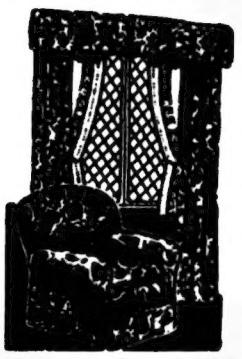

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Send a postcard for big range of fine Yorkshire Tweeds and Worsteds, fashions and easy self measure form to:—

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wear a Beasley

WONDER BELT

An upright carriage compels attention. Get rid of superfluous flesh, and have an athlete's figure. Equal for value and results to the expensive Belts advertised. Made from fine materials; so light in weight you hardly know you have it on. Take advantage of this wonderful offer now. State waist measure and send P.O. for

6/11

Over 42 inches 1/6 extra. Similar Belt for women at same price. Goods exchanged or money refunded if unsuitable.

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Catalogue of Belts and Corsets for men and women free on request.

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A WOMAN'S INVENTION

The "COOKALL" OVEN SAVES 9d in the 1/- Will bake, boil, toast, grill, and fry at the same time, with ONE BURNER ONLY - not 4 or 5. Hygienic. NO GAS INSIDE. Portable. Connects to existing tap. No fixing. ASBESTOS packed. DRYING RAILS, two SHELVES, C.K. Atmospheric burner (small one on top when oven not required). Price. If you mention this paper deduct 5/-.

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Write for FREE BOOKLET or send cash to Sole Mfrs.,

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FROM 6/5 Per Month DELIVERED ON FIRST PAYMENT

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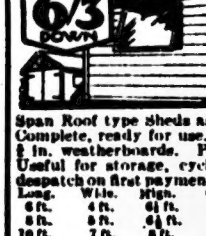

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for Week ending Saturday, June 6, 1931. Twopence. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Postage: Inland and Canada, 1d.; all other parts of the world, 1½d.*

"If you see it in 'John Bull,' it is so"

Twenty-Five To-day: Our Birthday Promise

A Big Industry Push

Return of a Treasure

THIS twenty-fifth anniversary issue of JOHN BULL signalises and celebrates a great advance in Independent Journalism. Above all other popular weekly journals we stand as the defender of right and justice for all classes of society.

We also stand for the expression of honest, independent thought, and in that direction we seek the aid of men with world-wide reputations. To-day we look back over twenty-five years of useful work and through the eyes of great men we try to visualise the next twenty-five. It is a wonderful picture painted by

SIR ARTHUR KEITH — A. G. GARDINER
HANNEN SWAFFER — JULIAN HUXLEY

On its birthday JOHN BULL promises to continue with increasing vigour the fight for liberty and fair play, and in that great and difficult battle we ask for the co-operation of all readers.

Write to "John Bull" about it!

Gentleman's bargain

THE next General Election will be in 1934. This is the emphatic statement of an M.P. who is the Parliamentary secretary to a Cabinet Minister.

He predicts that the Government will remain in office for the full term allowed by the Parliament Act, and will then appeal to the country for a mandate to cut the claws of the House of Lords.

He adds there is an understanding between Liberalism and Labour which will keep the Government out of danger.

The way to work

A great national rationalisation scheme for the iron, steel and coal industries of this country is on foot. And it does not include wage-cuts.

Finance has already been arranged in co-operation with the Bank of England, and there is to be a national attempt to regain markets lost through the inability of manufacturers to produce as cheaply as our competitors.

Combining rationalisation with a go-ahead policy is great news. It means prosperity for these three national industries and happier times for the workers.

Best man

From now onwards, Mr. Arthur Henderson is going to be fully occupied with preparations for next year's World Disarmament Conference at Geneva.

It is whispered in political circles that Viscount Cecil of Chelwood may be invited to act as Foreign Secretary for nine months, so as to allow Mr. Henderson freedom to concentrate on the conference over which he will preside.

Should the Prime Minister make such a decision, the choice will be received with universal acclamation.

Although nominally a Conservative, Viscount Cecil has sunk all partisanship in his great work for world peace.

Meat on this bone

An important offer has been made for the whole of the debenture and share capital of the River Plate, British and Continental Meat Company.

At the moment the company is managed by Armour and Co., but its products are sold in Great Britain and Ireland by the Union Cold Storage Company, the largest of the British meat groups.

* * *

Does this offer mean another meat war? If so the housewife can look forward to a period of cheaper joints.

Silver tongue

Almost all the famous silver plate stolen from the British Embassy in Petrograd at the beginning of the Russian revolution has now been recovered.

Its return is due to the astute diplomacy of Mr. Arthur Henderson. The ill-feeling of the last thirteen years is being swept away.

A search is being made for the remainder of the plate, more as a gesture of good will than for the value of the silver.

General Atkins

Lord Marley, the Under-Secretary for War, is presiding over a committee of generals and staff-officers which is considering, among other things, how more Army officers can be promoted from the ranks.

Lord Marley helps rankers

The First Lord of the Admiralty has already drawn up a scheme for further democratising the Navy.

This excellent idea should be followed in the Royal Air Force.

Some of our finest officers are now hiding their lights under bushels of restrictions.

Strangle-holders

By no means the last has been heard of the campaign by British shipowners to get the Suez Canal dues reduced, and so remove a tremendous burden on our trade with the East.

Our recent article has made Parliament sit up and take notice.

It is now probable that British shipowners will combine in making representations to the British Government, which, after all, is the largest individual shareholder.

Stop dunning Fritz

The German Press is openly discussing the possibility that the mark may go crash again.

That would mean misery for millions of Germans, but this country would suffer almost as much. The new German has been built up largely with British money, and as a market it pays us.

Compared with the immense sums we have lent in this way, our share of the reparations payments is a small item.

But it is the reparations that are crippling Germany—and, it is believed by many experts, crippling the whole European economic system as well.

Here is a difficult problem for Mr. MacDonald and Chancellor Bruning. We hope they will find a way out.

To heal cuts

If Dr. Addison can get Liberal support, he will introduce in the House a one-clause Bill to set up a Central Agricultural Wages Board, with power to fix and enforce scales.

At present, the county boards can impose severe cuts on the wages of farm-workers without anybody having the power to stop them.

The suggested central board would be able to override county authorities where necessary.

Fortunate refugees

Some question has been raised regarding the cost of maintaining the Portuguese revolutionary refugees who were given sanctuary on H.M.S. *Curlew*. The suggestion was made that the charge might fall on the ship's company.

We understand from the Admiralty that the runaway fighters took quite enough money with them to pay all their own expenses.

Good.

Tied by tithes

We are glad that the Minister of Agriculture has agreed to investigate the administration of tithe-rents to see if some relief cannot be given to farmers in some very hard cases that have been brought to his notice.

Dr. Addison is disinclined to enter upon complex legislation, and, in view of his other anxieties, this is understandable.

He could do a good deal by going into the matter thoroughly with the Ecclesiastical Commissioners.

Marquess and man

The young Marquess of Tavistock, the future Duke of Bedford, is making steady progress on the Labour side of politics.

Even now, when Socialism has become respectable, it is not easy for a future duke to be a Labour man. But the marquess makes no apology for his sincere views.

He divides his time between farming and politics, and has made countless friends among working men, whose confidence he seeks as a friend and equal.

His pleasant manners and deep sincerity will take him a long way.

New avenues

Plans for an official aerial survey of large tracts of land along the coast of North America are now being considered.

Taking his wife

The hope is to discover a shorter trade route for bringing wheat crops to England.

Major Sidney Cotton, recently returned from Iceland, is shortly going to Canada to undertake a preliminary survey, with Mrs. Cotton as co-pilot

They hope to find new harbours and other centres for trade in the little-known and unexplored territory over which they will fly.

The Empire pioneering spirit still lives.

What a pity!

It is regrettable that the Government has refused to find time for passing into law the Sharing-Out Clubs (Regulation) Bill.

This was a non-contentious Bill, supported by all Parties, and the amendments necessary to make the Bill watertight could easily have been made with the assistance of the Government.

Every year there are about thirty suicides due to defalcations in connection with these sharing-out clubs, and large numbers of poor people are robbed.

Poison-fog danger

With pulverised coal becoming increasingly popular as an industrial fuel, precautions should be taken against Belgium's plague of poison-fogs.

Despite propaganda to the contrary, pulverised fuel does give off coal ash and incidental mineral admixtures in dust form, so fine that it rises to a considerable height.

On cooling it gathers moisture and descends in the form of opaque yellow fog, injurious to health.

Pulverised fuel should be permitted only in factories with adequate filtering-plant for combustion gases.

A "dole" double

New ways of swindling the Unemployment Insurance Fund keep cropping up.

James Edward Norman and John William Campbell, both of Newcastle, have just started two months' imprisonment for altering their ages and addresses and thus obtaining a second set of cards.

They got them from another exchange. One set was stamped by their employers and they drew benefit on the other set.

It was stated that these were the first cases of the kind. If the regulations were tightened up a bit, they would be the last.

Choking a graft

A new attempt to stamp out the custom of contractors bribing chefs and club and hotel staffs is being made by the Bribery and Secret Commissions League.

The league has prepared a list of both contractors and possible customers, and an agreement has been signed by the contractors, pledging them not to offer bribes and to report at once any suggestion of bribery from a hotel or club.

We welcome any measure that will stop this dirty method of trade competition.

Be fair !

If ex-Service men whose pensions have not yet been made permanent are dissatisfied with a fresh award, they have a right to go to a Medical Appeal Board.

We notice that notifications sent out in these cases no longer bear this intimation.

The Ministry of Pensions asserts that "pensioners are well acquainted with the procedure open to them." Constant enquiries received by our own Pensions Department contradict this statement.

The information should be stated on every notification of renewed award. Fair play demands it.

The treacherous parsnip

When Ernest James Fleetwood, a Glamorgan policeman with a magnificent war record, went visiting in his "baby" car, he was given some parsnip wine.

The result was a charge of being under the influence of drink while driving and a fine of £5 and costs.

While we agree that a penalty must be inflicted in such cases, we do hope that it will not mean his job has gone.

Fleetwood did not know the wine was intoxicating, and in view of his unblemished police record and his proud war service, it would be monstrous for this slip to cause his chances of further service and ultimate pension to vanish.

"IF YOU SEE IT—" (Continued)

Real and imitation

Mr. Wilfrid Whiteley, M.P., is to make another attempt to get passed into law a Bill to define trade descriptions as applied to fancy jewellery.

He wants truth engraved

If this could be done, both the trade and the public would be safeguarded against fraudulent descriptions.

The Bill which he has drafted lays down certain specifications which must be fulfilled by articles described as being "rolled gold," "gold filled," "gold cased" and "gilt."

The Birmingham trade strongly favours the Bill, and among those who are supporting it is Sir Austen Chamberlain.

For value received

The dukes are not happy about the new land-tax. At least one of them, the Duke of Sutherland, owns over a million acres.

But the Duke of Marlborough has a little joke in store for the assessors when they call on him.

He owns the big Blenheim estate, and at the same time he doesn't own it, as he has to pay rent for it.

The "rent" is a silken banner, which is "paid" every year to the King on the anniversary of the battle of Blenheim.

So there you are, Mr. Snowden!

Poisonous

The Society of Friends (Quakers) took a leaf out of our book when, at its annual meeting, it protested against the use of poison-gas in experiments on animals at Porton, near Salisbury.

As far back as April, 1929, we declaimed against this ghastly business carried on by the Chemical Warfare Experimental Station, and it is to be hoped that this further protest will help to promote official action.

The matter is one on which any normal human being must feel strongly, and with disgust.

Legal disobedience

George Knowles, a Barnsley motor-driver, was told to deliver goods on an old lorry without brakes and with broken springs.

He declined on the ground that a former driver had been fined for using the vehicle and had been compelled to pay the fine out of his own pocket.

Knowles was dismissed for his disobedience, but at the county court he was awarded two weeks' wages and costs.

We are glad that his courage in declining to risk his and other people's lives has been vindicated.

Suffering and waiting

Patients attending some of the out-door treatment clinics in South Wales are rightly complaining about the absence of method.

Men and women in a weak state of health are frequently instructed to attend at 9.30 a.m. and then have to wait until noon and after before being treated.

This long wait is not necessary. A little system would result in proper classification of patients and times, and each person could be seen on arrival.

Old-fashioned death

The idea that because a thing was efficient fifty years ago it is good enough for to-day is a menace to public safety.

A leaky gas-chandelier recently caused the death of a young Manchester couple. This is the second family to be wiped out in Manchester through gas leakages.

In matters of sanitation the authorities have power to act. Commonsense demands that gas-fittings should also be inspected thoroughly and regularly.

Murdering Nature

When Robert Gorman was before the Hailsham magistrates, it was stated that he dug up ninety-seven primrose roots.

The East Sussex County Council makes it an offence for any persons to remove wild flowers from banks, in any lane, or adjacent to the highway.

Such regulations should be more widely known.

The Hailsham Bench betrayed its trust by dismissing the case. A fondness for wild flowers is no crime, but Gorman broke the law and took beauty away from other people.

Cruel traffic dying

At last the abominable trade in worn-out horses between this country and the Continent is coming to an end.

For over twenty years JOHN BULL has fought against it.

Our neighbours across the Channel are forsaking horse-flesh for frozen and chilled meat.

Thus the friend of man can look for a better fate than a Belgian dinner-table.

Easy money

Who would not be an Ulster M.P.?

After a sitting lasting only a few weeks, it has been decided to adjourn until October 6, and members can now attend to their other occupations.

Some have protested that their salaries have been reduced by 15 per cent. This means they will receive £170 a year instead of £200.

For twelve weeks' work at three days a week, £170 strikes us as pretty good pay.

Don't seek Hyde

Mr. Hyde's Overseas Commercial Association is at it again.

His advertisements say that satisfaction is guaranteed, but several of our readers who have parted with a guinea fee are most dissatisfied with the "aid" they have received. They consider it worthless.

For the benefit of northern readers we mention these facts, as we have reason to believe that Mr. Hyde is opening a Liverpool office.

Polished fraud

A Southwell, Notts, horse-dealer accepted what he took to be a £10 note for an animal he sold.

The note was a colourable imitation advertising a sixpenny tin of polish. Through good police work, the swindler was caught and punished.

The case demonstrates the danger of using this type of advertising. The chances of fraud on illiterate people are obvious, and it should be illegal for anybody to print, issue or use such an advertising matter.

Bottled mice

Ordered by her doctor to drink a glass of stout, a Stroud Green woman got a bottle from a Harringay wine stores.

She had some with a meal, and then found two dead mice in the bottle.

Deputy-Judge Mullins, at Edmonton County Court, made an award of fifteen guineas and costs against the wine-merchant.

We fail to see how the latter can be blamed while the bottlers go scot-free.

Up! the Wolves

Trying to get honest work in Wolverhampton has its drawbacks.

If a man is unemployed and chooses to stay on the "dole," he gets 26s. a week for himself and his wife.

To unravel a "dole" tangle

But if he pulls himself together and attempts to get a job as tram-conductor, this is what happens.

He has to do three weeks' training without payment and does not even get a definite promise of the job.

The employment exchange argues that he is not unemployed while he is training and thus he loses his benefit.

Mr. Mander, M.P., is asking the Government to get this tangle cleared up.

Be sure in time

June 1 was Qualification Day for electoral purposes.

If you are twenty-one and have lived in your constituency for three months prior to June 1, you are entitled to vote at the next election.

The draft electors' lists will be posted outside town-halls, churches and post-offices in a few weeks.

If your name is not there, you must send in a claim to the town clerk or registrar by August 7. Otherwise your political opinions will not be recorded when the time comes.

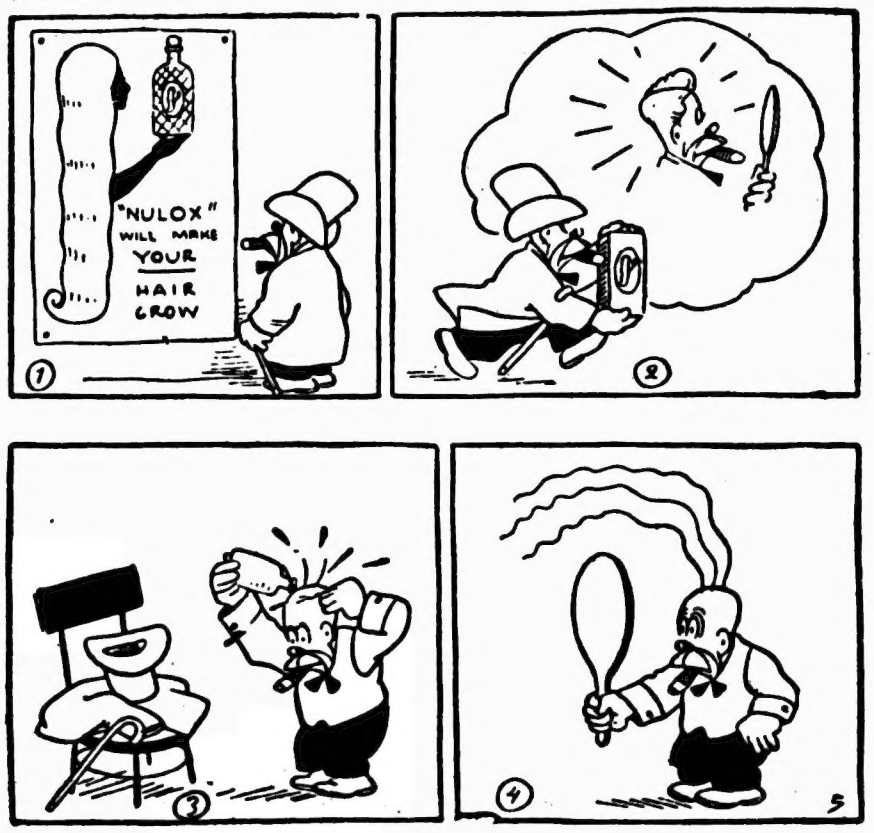
Newspaper delivery charge

JOHN BULL's many friends amongst the retail newsagents have taken exception to a paragraph which appeared in our issue of May 23, in regard to the small charge which agents make for delivery.

We hasten to reassure them that we recognise this charge as legitimate.

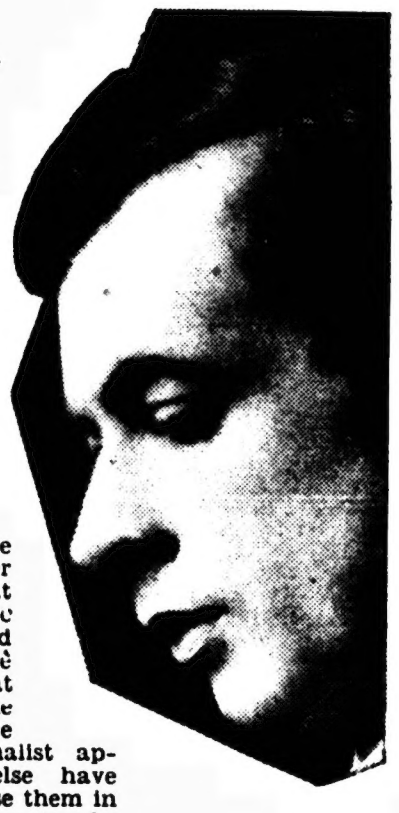
Our genial contributor, Mr. W. Scott, not up to date in trade politics, did not realise that the charge made for delivery of newspapers has been approved by the National Federation of Retail Newsagents, Booksellers and Stationers.

ADAMSON—Growing, Growing—Groan!



A DARING *Prophecy*

by Professor JULIAN HUXLEY



When you ask a great man to say what is going to happen twenty-five years hence, you are asking rather more than you would of a gipsy at a fair. The gipsy takes her shilling and goes, but what Professor Julian Huxley says will appear in the national records of science

THIS is a good exercise for one's own imagination—this request to tell what is going to happen in the next twenty-five years. Maybe it will stimulate others to think along unfamiliar lines.

The first and in a way the biggest change is going to be the change in the proportion of old and young people. During the last fifty years the infant mortality, and in fact the death-rate at all ages except the oldest, has been steadily falling.

Meanwhile the birth-rate has been falling with equal steadiness. This means that for every thousand people in the country fewer children have been born, but those that have been born have on the average lived longer.

We are just beginning to reap the harvest of this change. The lowered birth-rate of the last generation has meant a smaller proportion of people of marriageable age in this generation; and they in their turn are going to have fewer children than their parents, but are going to live longer.

Put rather crudely, this means that in every thousand people of the coming generation there will be about half as many young children and twice as many old people as in the generation before.

More time to play

THIS is going to have a big effect on everyday life, especially as the old people are on the whole going to be healthier than old people used to be. For at the same time there is a marked tendency to make people retire from work at a definite age, instead of expecting them to go on in business till the end.

So we shall get a large crop of people without a regular job, and yet still with a good deal of physical and mental energy.

This is going to increase the problems of leisure. For leisure is already becoming a problem. Even with an eight-hour day a man has a fair amount of leisure; and both economic and political forces are tending to cut down working hours still further, so liberating more time and more energy for leisure.

And this does not apply only to wage-earners: with real labour-saving houses the housewife, too, will have time hanging unfamiliarly on her hands.

What will the world do with its new-found leisure, bestowed on it by machines and good organisation, and, in the case of the old, by medical science?

Just rushing from place to place or from amusement to amusement will not continue to satisfy. Most men and women like doing something constructive; and the more leisure they have, the less easy will it be to be content with mere idleness or mere amusement.

I do not pretend to be able to prophesy what people will turn to, what organisations will spring up to help them use their spare time, but I am sure that the problem of leisure will grow more and more insistent.

In addition to our population coming to consist of more old people and fewer children, it will do something else which will have a big effect on our everyday lives.

It will begin actually to go down in numbers.

This again is an effect of the fall in the birth-rate. People have been living longer; but they have to die some time.

And meanwhile, with the reduction in the numbers of younger people, the new crop of men and women of marriageable age is much smaller now than in the last generation, so that even without any further fall in the birth-rate the actual number of children born will decrease.

Less worry about work

ALL those who have given the matter attention agree that the population of Great Britain will begin to go down between ten and fifteen years hence; and once the process has begun, it may well continue quite rapidly.

This will mean a great deal. Schools that are crowded to-day will in twenty years be amply big enough; the housing problem will be reduced to the replacing of bad dwellings by good; new churches will not be needed, and emigration will drop to small proportions.

The unemployment situation will be eased; and in general the country will be able to get on with its job of improving its efficiency and its general well-being without all the time having new and urgent problems thrust upon it by the mere increase of its numbers—still at the moment nearly a quarter of a million a year.

Meanwhile people will be driven more and more to think how to regulate the quantity of population, and to stop defective types from having children.

But I suspect that it will take more than twenty-five years for this to become practical politics. Once it has begun in earnest, however, we can look forward to a substantial reduction in petty crime, chronic drunkenness, mental defect, and unemployability.

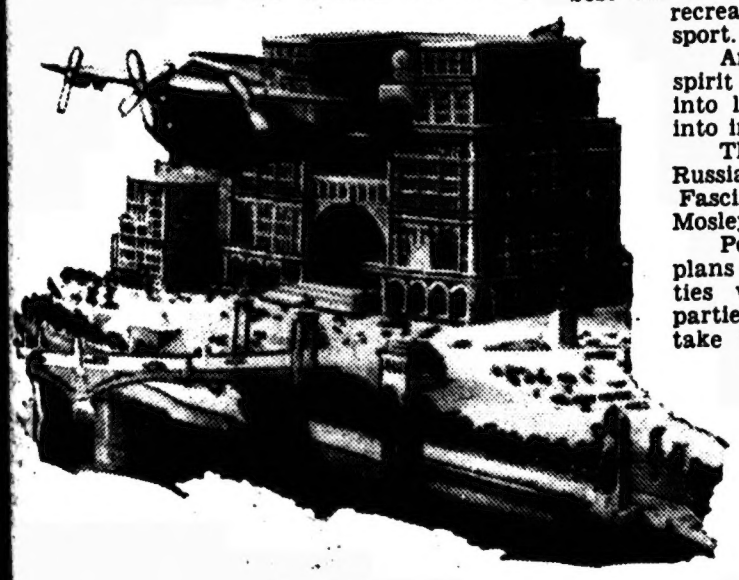
In spite of our population reaching its limit, I expect that we shall feel more crowded than ever, since 'buses and cheap cars, and in all probability fleets of light aeroplanes, too, will make it possible for people to move about even more freely than they do now.

We shall, I hope, have real national parks and nature reserves, and regulations preventing "ribbon development" and haphazard commercial building in lovely places. We shall be planning the countryside so as to get the best out of it for many different purposes—recreation, agriculture, health, beauty, sport.

And I expect that this planning spirit will be entering more and more into life, both into national life and into individual lives.

There is the Five Year Plan in Russia, there is much planning in Fascist Italy, there is Sir Oswald Mosley and his plan in this country.

Perhaps the time will come when plans instead of politics and personalities will be the main concern of parties, and when study-circles largely take the place of political meetings with the general public.



A conception of a glimpse of London twenty-five years hence

Meanwhile we can only note the tendency and hope it will grow.

But perhaps where the greatest change might be expected is in domestic life, from the applications of modern psychology.

Up to recent times, men have usually either assumed that institutions like marriage and the family were God-given, or at least beyond the pale of science or any rationalist approach, or else have tried to criticise them in the light of some abstract social theory.

To-day, numbers of people are thinking about them in the same scientific spirit as one would about any other concrete problem—the development of television, say, or the heredity of improved breeds of wheat.

They are trying to find out just what psychological forces are at work under the surface of family life, with a view to seeing if things could not be planned so as to give a better result.

Already studies of this type have had one great influence—they have changed our ideas of education, so that children in school are given much more freedom, interest, and responsibility than there used to be, and much less stress is laid on mere obedience and learning what their elders think better for them.

When mothers and fathers come to realise that a great deal of the usual insistence on obedience to parental authority, when not just an excuse for saving trouble, has in it an element of jealousy of the old for the young, and is often a mere means for enhancing the parent's self-satisfaction, we may expect similarly radical changes in home-life.

Within twenty-five years we may even be feeling that the present idea of every family keeping its home life as separate as possible in its own little box of a house is a relic of outworn times.

Marriage and sex

OTHER institutions besides the school may be coming into existence to provide outlets for growing children, which in the past were provided—if they were provided at all—in family life.

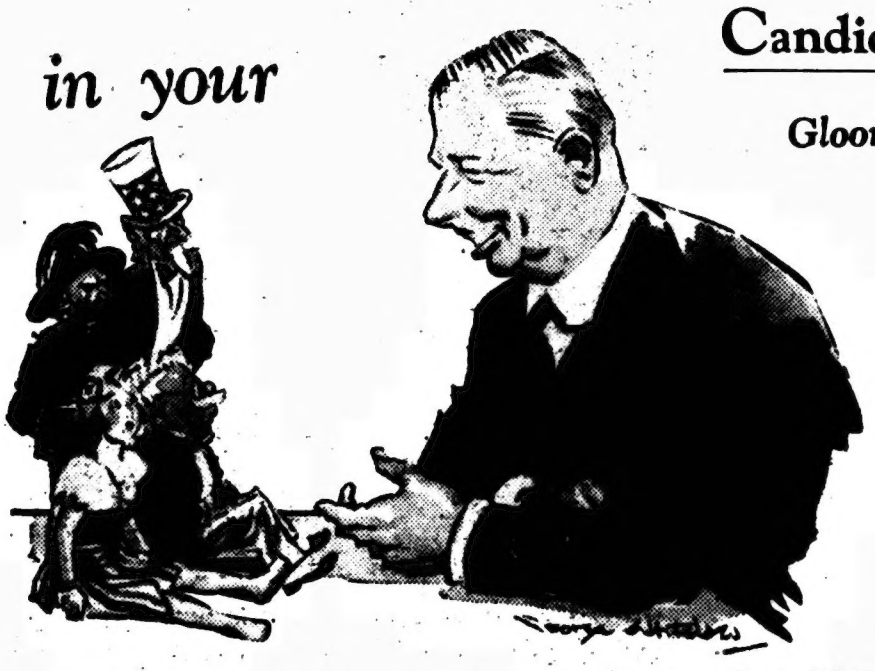
Similarly with marriage. For the first time in history, great numbers of people are discussing marriage in the same spirit as they might a motor-car or a business scheme—as something which might be planned and organised along rather different lines to get a better result.

Trial marriage, companionate marriage, the idea of divorce as not necessarily a moral stigma, but as a means of adjustment to changed circumstances, the freer and more rational discussion of sex in general—these and other ideas are likely to bring about much change in the near future.

They may, of course, bring about a change by reaction, and produce a wave of puritanism and strictness. But one thing is certain—that we shall not stay still, but shall change our ideas on marriage either in one direction or the other.

In general, I would say that, unless war or economic disaster overtakes the Western world, the chief changes of the next twenty-five years will be changes resulting from greater freedom—freedom of greater leisure, freedom from pressure of population, freedom of greater choice, and, above all, greater freedom of thought and greater freedom in the conscious planning of our lives.

PEACE *in your* HEART FIRST!



Rt. Hon. A. V. ALEXANDER, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR FIRST LORD,—Knowing that you believe in peace and share my own ideals of international disarmament, I am the more pleased to see that the Senior Service looks upon you affectionately as one of the best "rulers of the King's Navee" it has ever known.

It realises that, whatever your personal views, you will never let the Navy down.

I admire the straightforward way in which you face facts. Addressing the Co-operative Congress at Bournemouth the other day, you said bluntly that we can never hope to get peace by one-sided disarmament.

"If you disband all your armies and navies to-morrow," you continued, "and have not the will for peace and moral disarmament, the whole of your great modern industrial machine could be harnessed to warfare in a few weeks."

That is a plain statement of a fact which needs to be hammered home. Conferences can do little more than implement the will of the people. You are right to remind the public of its own immense responsibility.

JOHN BULL.

The Rev. HENRY CARTER,
Royal Commission on Licensing

REVEREND SIR,—Despite Prohibition, America's drink bill has now reached the staggering figure of £575,000,000—nearly double what it was when the country was "wet."

Here is a lesson for fanatical reformers, demonstrating the futility of imposing unwanted restrictions on personal liberty.

If the commission is contemplating further bonds, it will only increase the number of law-breakers.

Such things as the "Five-Bob" clubs, recently exposed by me, are the indirect result of a freedom-loving people's resentment of restrictions which it does not approve.

JOHN BULL.

The RESIDENTS,
Broughton Street, Salford, Lancs

DEAR FOLKS,—Several men living in your road were having a drink when a woman called out, "Come on, you men, there are some children in a burning house."

The men left their beer, rescued two children, and then went back to the bar.

One child, a baby of two years, was rescued in the nick of time from under a burning sofa.

The mother lost her home and all her belongings, but she has the consolation of knowing she has neighbours whose hearts are as good as their nerves.

Splendid fellows? I wish I had been with them to drink their health when they sauntered back to the bar after their brave work.

JOHN BULL.

Sir CLEMENT HINDLEY, K.C.I.E.,
Chairman, Betting Board of Control

DEAR SIR CLEMENT,—Those who follow racing hear with some dismay that the totalisator is still a very long distance from paying its way.

I trust you will be able to give a full answer to those who allege that there has been extravagance and muddle.

The tote ought in time to be a profitable proposition—it has been for years in Australia, South Africa and India—and its benefits in providing better course facilities should be very great when the system is complete and efficient.

Your huge capital outlay is a sudden burden such as the Dominion totes did not have to carry. I believe that in time you will win through.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ROBERT ANNIS,
Manchester Unity of Oddfellows

DEAR SIR,—You are quite right when you contend that "the worry and anxiety attendant on a vain search for work, insufficiency of clothing and proper food" are reasons for the increase of claims for sick benefit from your society.

On the other hand, I cannot see the workless being at all consoled by your belief that unemployment is a natural corollary of the industrial system.

I wish you had said something about the holding-up of capital which might well be used in industry.

There is a lot of money kept idle by people who, waiting to see which way the cat will jump, do nothing to give impetus to its legs.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. ERNEST BAILEY,
Homend Street, Ledbury

DEAR BAILEY,—Confronting a mad bull which had attacked your employer, you bravely fought it off at great risk to your own life.

Your deed is all the more praiseworthy because you are only eighteen, and I am glad the Ledbury Urban Council and the local branch of the National Farmers' Union have made you presentations.

The latter's gift of savings certificates will be useful, and the former's offering of a framed testimonial will be a lifelong reminder of a brave act which I am very glad to acknowledge.

JOHN BULL.

Dr. F. J. WALDO,
City of London Coroner

DEAR DOCTOR,—I do not for a moment agree with you that the system of certification before cremation is dangerous and an encouragement to poisoners.

If, as in the case of cremation, two doctors were required to see all bodies before burial, the poisoner would have shorter shrift.

However much one may personally disagree with the idea of cremation, I notice that several Church dignitaries have recently gone to the pyre by their express wish.

Difficulties should not be placed in the way of an institution which is supported by a constantly growing number of the public.

JOHN BULL.

The Rt. Hon. H. B. LEES-SMITH,
President, Board of Education

DEAR SIR,—You have admitted that there are still scores of schools on the "Black List," condemned years ago as unhealthy, which children of [illegible] class parents are compelled to attend.

Miss Margaret Bondfield says there are over 150,000 building-trade workers out of employment.

Is it not about time that you and Miss Bondfield got together on this matter?

Children, parents and bricklayers would all bless you, and the Ministry of Health would be able to save some of the money now spent on dealing with the illnesses and defects caused by unhealthy schools.

JOHN BULL.

Candid Communications

Gloomy Tote Pay-out

Gallant Farmer's Boy

Mr. D. GIFFORD, General Secretary,
Government Minor Grades Assoc.

DEAR SIR,—I welcome your investigations into the long hours worked by coastguards.

Many of them do as many as twenty-four hours at a stretch, and in rough weather some are on duty for twenty hours a day. Continuous duty for forty-eight hours is also not unknown.

These men receive poor wages, and I hope you will succeed in a reform that will mean appointing four men to work the existing two-men stations.

Lives are dependent on these coastguards, and common-sense demands that they should be fit for their job.

JOHN BULL.

STRAIGHT *from the Shoulder*

THE REV. JOHN BEVAN (Balham): "Hollywood films can keep people apart and foster a most bitter race enmity and hatred."

Blatant propaganda is recoiling upon itself. It produces disgust rather than hatred.

* * *

MR. ROBERT LORAINE: "Most of the great women of the world have undoubtedly been tiger cats."

You mean notorious women. The truly great wives and mothers scarcely appear on the scroll of fame.

* * *

MISS C. A. KINGHORN: "Children are born snobs."

So there IS *something in heredity.*

Not from the B.B.C.—Douglas Fairbanks discourses on—

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NOW that we are
on our way
Back again to
U.S.A.
We want to
send old England warmest thanks,
For you sure did do us well,
And we loved the way you fell
For our sentimental prattle and our pranks.

Though the lure of Hollywood
Can't be easily withstood.
For England in the Fall again we'll start;
For the kindness (and the pelf)
Heaped on Mary and myself
Has touched my great, big, simple, manly heart.

And when again we meet
Mary will be just as sweet
And I as brown and bold, or even bolder;
And neither me nor her
("She nor I" if you prefer)
Will behave as if we were a fortnight older!

I'll tell the world that lil ole England is good enough for me. Not, of course, good enough to spend money in by making films; but quite good enough to take money from by showing films—and ourselves.

I can tell you our visit exceeded our wildest hopes. Some of the publicity guys at Hollywood, when they knew that we were thinking of a trip, told me:

"Nix on England, Doug.! Charlie Chaplin has just been over and staged a pretty good land-of-my-fathers show, and after that they had a small helping of Alfonzo Bourbon; so we reckon them Fogtown boobs have jest about had enough of the 'Welcome stranger' stuff for a month or so."

Well, I'm sure glad I didn't listen to the yellow bums. They don't know what great, big, palpitating hearts you English folk have.

Anyway, both Mary and I passed the frozen mitt to the pedlars of the pessimistic stuff, for we knew from experience that England was a real swell dump.

And what happened? Well, I reckon we jest did what that Wop, J. Cæsar, boasted of doing—we came, saw and conquered.

And, quite apart from the good [illegible] visit did for Mary's latest—and, perhaps not greatest—picture, I am, as I've told your Press boys, taking back 30,000 feet of film I made during my European trip.

My announcement that the film is full of "stunts, volcanoes, elephants, golf and everything else you can think of" has brought me a heap of letters and wires. Some say that if it's my own golf that's going to be shown, the film jest can't help being a scream.

Others want to know if the "stunts" will include "the biggest stunt of all" —the carefully engineered advice messages that Mary and me might get divorced, and then, O boy! the beautifully staged "reconciliation"!

My enemies think that by talking of "stunts"
They'll manage to rattle and shake me,
But they won't; for, believe me, wherever and where
Publicity's waiting, then Doug. will be there
To grab of the limelight a very large share—
And, since it's so easy, why blame me?

When our home folk grow bored, they'll to England we come
And hand out large helpings of honey.
We quarrel (oh paper), then regain joy—
While the cameras click and reporters employ
The sweetest of phrases, and Mary is coy—
And, believe me, it brings in the money!

OUR Wonderful 25 YEARS

by A. G. GARDINER

The great journalist says: "Let us show that we are equal to the challenge"

IN this twenty-fifth anniversary issue of JOHN BULL, I may be excused for taking a look backward, and contrasting the world into which this journal first made its appearance with the world as it is to-day.

It is a bad habit to talk in superlatives, but there are occasions when it is difficult to avoid them.

This is one of those occasions. And, therefore, I venture to say that no quarter of a century in history has witnessed so vast a revolution in human society as that covered by these momentous years.

When in June, 1906, JOHN BULL made his bow to the British public we were still living in the aftermath of Victorian England. We were at the peak of our national prosperity.

The cloud that burst

We had recently emerged from what in those days was regarded as a great war, but we had in fact enjoyed nearly a century of pacific development in which we had established a material supremacy the like of which had not been seen since the great days of the Roman Empire.

It is true that the marvellous potentialities of the United States had begun to redress the balance, and that on the Continent the might of Germany, both in the arts of war and peace, was beginning to cast a shadow over Europe.

It is true, too, that a new power of great significance had arisen in Japan, which, with two resounding victories—first over China, then over Russia—had issued its claim for dominion in the Far East.

The rumblings of revolution had begun to be heard in China, in Russia, even in India.

New forces which were bound to alter the structure of society were coming into action. The motor-car had ceased to be merely a wonderful new toy.

It was still a rarity, and the motor-bus was a lumbering novelty that skidded into lamp-posts and then stood like a derelict by the pavement waiting to be carted away, amidst the laughter of the drivers of the hansom cabs who saw in it the menace to their job.

In the air something still more portentous was happening. For centuries men had speculated and adventured in the arts of flying in vain.

Now across the Atlantic two brothers had actually flown in a machine heavier than air, and the world was agog with the new wonder and all that it foreshadowed in regard to the mobility of mankind.

A new Age of Speed was upon us, with all its incalculable consequences.

King Coal deposed

Sources of energy that threatened the supremacy of British, and especially Welsh, coal were beginning to be fully exploited. Water-power and still more oil-power were displacing coal.

Industries were springing up, without the agency of coal, in the waterways of remote countries, and ships, instead of filling their bunkers with coal in British seaports, were beginning to fill their tanks with oil.

The reactions of all these developments upon the place of Britain in the world were only dimly apprehended. Outwardly our position was secure, and internally there was no sign of revolutionary change.

Political parties were much as they had been for a century. Women were still outside the pale of citizenship, though at the General Election which had taken place in the previous January they had begun that astonishing campaign for the vote whose violence was a startling novelty in our public life.

Liberals and Tories still faced each other as the only alternatives of government, and the Labour Party, still in its infancy, seemed only a remote menace to their reign.

The Irish brigade was the only complication in the Parliamentary system, and Home Rule for Ireland seemed as far off as it had been for a century.

Then came the war. In itself it would have made this quarter of a century a terrific memory. In magnitude it was the greatest secular event in human history—the first and, let us hope, the last world war.

But its effects were much greater even than can be measured by its vastness. It changed, as if by a universal cataclysm, the political and social geography of society.

It transformed the map of the world, and shook the greatest thrones of the earth to the dust.

It concertinaed generations of normal development into four feverish years. Transitions that would have come insensibly upon us, and to which we should have adjusted ourselves without difficulty, came instead like an avalanche.

It was as though a stupendous geological "fault" had happened. Two generations had been swept into the abyss of the war

The Victorian era had vanished in the storm, and we emerged from it into a new and uncharted world.

We are living to-day, in a very real sense, not in the year 1931, but in the year 1981.

Take only a few of the political happenings—the end of the great Irish struggle; the fall of the Liberal Party and the rise of the Labour Party to power; the enfranchisement of women; the insurgence of India; above all, the mighty event that has taken place in Russia.

We start from scratch

That event alone is as great a happening as the war itself. It has changed the balance of the world. Its material effects are stupendous already, and they have only begun. Its ultimate political effects are beyond all reckoning.

It has challenged the theory of human government upon which all civilised countries have developed in modern times—the theory of self-government—and has raised an issue that will keep the world seething for a century.

And where in the midst of this universal convulsion do we find ourselves?

The world of the nineteenth century in which we held so dominating and enviable a position has passed away. We are confronted with a new race, in which we must start from scratch.

The trade which we so laboriously built up in the nineteenth century has largely gone. We could not supply our customers during the war. Our markets in the Far East were captured by Japan and our markets in South America by the United States.

Under the impulse of the war, countries which were our customers have learned to manufacture and have become our competitors.

Our basic industries are stricken—coal by the competition of other modes of power, cotton and wool by foreign developments, shipping by the stagnation of world trade, everything by the insane growth of tariffs.

In the new industries we have no advantage over our competitors, and must fight for our place on even terms.

Brains on top

And in the midst of this grave challenge to our existence, when our one preoccupation should be to clear our decks and put our ship in order, we are shutting our eyes to economic facts and taking refuge in political day-dreams.

We have still a magnificent heritage. We have an experience of world trade that no other country possesses. We have an incomparable geographical position, splendid harbours, great mineral resources, an unrivalled seamanship.

Our artisans are unsurpassed in skill, our credit in the world higher than that of any other country.

But these advantages are not enough. We must have the will to win. We must clear out the wreckers who wreck great businesses. We must have brains at the top and reason in the ranks.

There is no time to lose. We have lost years already. Our export trade is wilting away. And without our export trade the most thickly populated country in the world cannot survive.

The past twenty-five years have given us a shattering blow and a terrific warning. The next twenty-five years will settle our fate.

That fate is in our own hands. Let us show that we are equal to the challenge.

Homely Wisdom

A Kindly Couple

by CANON R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

A WEEK or two ago I had an experience so pleasant that I want to share it with my readers.

I had been taking duty at a college in the north, and on my way home received an invitation to stop and preach at the parish church in a Derbyshire village.

On the evening before the service I found an unsigned note awaiting me at the house where I was to stay, thanking me for my weekly homilies in JOHN BULL. The friendly greeting was accompanied by four fresh eggs.

After making some enquiries, I found out the probable source of both message and gift; so down the village street I went, turned in at the gate of a pretty little garden, and knocked at a cottage door.

It was the home of an elderly husband and wife, and one look at their friendly faces was enough to show me that I had come to the right place.

Here, spending the evening of life together, are two of the best people in the world, full of cheer and mutual affection, taking for granted that others wish them well, and exhibiting a spirit of charity and good will towards all their neighbours.

We had a happy chat together, and as I rose to go the motherly woman pressed half-a-crown into my hand. "This is for the poor of your parish," she said. "We have not much to give, but we like to help where we can those whose need is greater than ours."

I gently restored the half-crown, telling her I had no parish, but was attached to a cathedral, and that I thought she could make a better use of the money than I could.

It was a real refreshment to me to sit by that hearth. I was shown with pride a big file of cuttings from JOHN BULL which must have taken years to accumulate.

As I was leaving, these two good people asked me where they could find a saying attributed to Jesus Christ, quoted by me in JOHN BULL some time ago. They had searched the Bible for it, but, of course, it is not in the Bible.

It was discovered in a rubbish-heap in upper Egypt in 1887, and is quite probably authentic, for it goes back to the very earliest period of our era. Christ must have said much more than is recorded in the New Testament.

The well-known American writer, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, turned the saying into verse. I wrote it in pencil on a slip of paper and left it with my two friends:

"Where the many toil and suffer, there
am I among mine own;
Where the tired workman sleepeth, there
am I with him alone.
Never more thou needest seek me, I am
with thee everywhere;
Raise the stone, and thou shalt find me;
cleave the wood and I am there."

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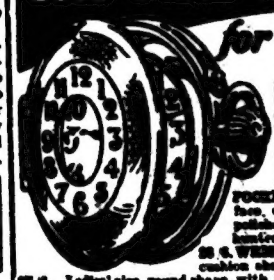

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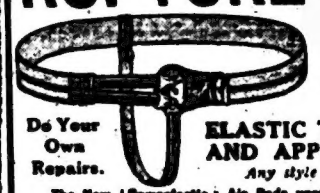

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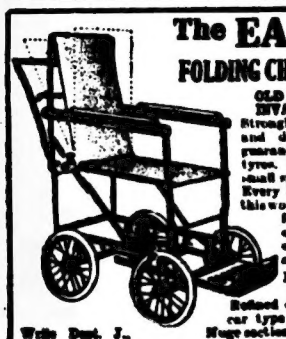

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Now I am thankful to say that before I had finished the second box of tablets I was completely cured and can walk long distances with ease and my breathing has now become normal; also I have been told within the last few days that I am looking much younger. You may use this testimony as you please as I cannot speak too highly of Elasto and gladly recommend it to others.

(Signed) Mrs. M. J. ROE,
Rawcliffe Lodge,
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How thankful I am I gave your wonderful treatment Elasto a trial. I had been suffering from Phlebitis for six months and thought my ailment incurable without complete rest. After using Elasto however all signs of Phlebitis have disappeared. I have proved the worth of Elasto; it has cured me as you said it would and I hope other sufferers will give it a fair trial as I have done with such excellent results.

(Signed) Mrs. L. WADEY,
30, Norton Terrace,
Newhaven, Sussex.

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My cure continues to progress and I feel ten years younger than I did when I commenced your Elasto treatment. The wonderful improvement has enabled me to continue in my employment which I thought I should have to give up.

You have my full permission to use the enclosed photograph, and I shall recommend Elasto whenever I can do so.

(Signed) Mr. JOHN PEAKE,
168, Chadderton Road,
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CURES THROUGH THE BLOOD

My AIM in Life—I.

"MY aim—the aim of each biologist and operating surgeon—is to reach a time when every child will be born into this world in a state of perfect health, and will remain free from suffering and disease until life comes to an end through the natural exhaustion of vital energy."

In this interview with JOHN BULL, Sir Arthur Keith, the great anatomist, made it clear that neither drugs nor the surgeon's knife can heal. Medical men can only assist the healing processes of nature.

The question which naturally followed was whether the scientist's aim includes a longer span of life for the human race.

"As our knowledge of physiology increases," said Sir Arthur, "we may reach this result. Modern civilisation has already lengthened our lives a little. The aborigines of Australia and Patagonia are old men at sixty.

"Life might be extended another ten years, but unless those ten years are years of health and vigour, do we want them?

"Nature is the business manager of human life, and she concentrates on the species, not on the individual. She uses young and vigorous lives, but kills off the feeble and decrepit.

Long life—if

"In trying to make people live to be a hundred, you are up against one of nature's basic laws. You may compare her to the proprietor of a restaurant. Customers come into the restaurant and occupy the seats.

"When they have finished their meals the proprietor does not want them to linger unduly, otherwise those who are waiting their turn outside will not be served.

"It is very much the same with nature and human life. And so our object is not so much to lengthen human lives as to make them healthier and more vigorous.

"We are enrolling the help of all branches of science. Physicists, chemists, biologists, radiologists, bacteriologists are all coming to our aid so that medicine is becoming more and more based on true scientific knowledge.

"It is proving that mind has a material basis, and that the body is an infinitely more complex and marvellous mechanism than we used to imagine.

"Take the human brain: it contains eighteen thousand million nerve-cells, grouped in myriads of battalions in a pattern which is different for each individual.

"These battalions of nerve-cells are linked by an inconceivably complex system of communication, and the traffic over this system continues from birth to death.

Miracles that fade

"All our experience is gathered from this marvellously intricate traffic, and out of this experience we form our characters and our beliefs.

"The brain is so complex that I believe it will take us five thousand years to understand it fully, and when we have done this we shall probably be able to understand—perhaps to cure—every form of mental disorder."

Do you think that doctors will discover how miraculous cures are made by Christian Science and Faith Healing?

"It is often possible to perform so-called miracles among people who have no knowledge whatever of medical science.

"I have been more than forty years in the medical profession, and during that time I have seen more claims for infallible cures than I can count.

"Again and again a 'miraculous' or pseudo-scientific new method of cure has been discovered, only to fade away after prolonged trial into oblivion.

"In dealing with such vaunted remedies you must always reckon on the chances of a false diagnosis and false observation of results. The physician claims for his remedy the healing effects which unaided nature has brought about.

"But apart from this, I admit that genuine cures may be effected by the power of suggestion. Every living thing has within it the power to heal itself, and suggestion may stimulate this power through the brain. But I cannot see how one creature can exercise healing powers on another."

Do you aim to discover the origin of life?

"No, my primary object is to discover records of man's pre-history and to study how his body functions at the present time.

"The records extend over a million years, without going back into the remoter past when man was not yet human. What we can see and observe at the present moment is more wonderful than anything we can imagine.

Brains are smaller

"The study of evolution is a vast and most difficult one. Research work shows that evolution is undoubtedly a fact, but in a much wider and more comprehensive sense than Darwin conceived it.

"We can trace the evolution of species from the dim ages up to quite recent times, and yet it seems now, as far as mankind is concerned, that the process has been checked, or even reversed.

"The conditions under which man now lives are altogether different from those under which man lived ten thousand years ago.

"Men's brains, for example, are certainly not growing larger. The people who occupied Western Europe at the close of the Ice Age had bigger brains than most of us have now.

"It seems as if nature gave primitive men bigger brains to solve the great initial problems which they had to face.

"We moderns are, of course, more intellectual than primitive men but you must remember that the brain has so much more ready-made knowledge at its disposal than in former ages.

"The part of the brain which deals with intellectual problems forms a comparatively small proportion of the whole.

"Mr. Wells looks forward to a time when science has cultivated us into highly intellectual, placid, tame, non-combative beings; but no ideal can be obtained without courage and the will to sacrifice life and personality.

"We are all descended from the apes, and have in us the inheritance of the jungle.

"There is nothing in a man's brain which cannot be found in the brain of an anthropoid ape; every part of it can be traced from lower down the evolutionary scale.

"Our characteristics are half intellectual and half those of the jungle. Too much intellect and too little feeling means misery for others.

"Too much feeling and too little intellect means misery for ourselves. The qualities of the jungle are often of more importance to us than intellect."

Do you think it will ever be possible to breed a race of supermen, with whatever characteristics are desirable?

"Possibly, when we understand more about the working of nature and her laws of heredity. Nature has some secret mechanism by means of which she works out her changes in the bodies of all living creatures.

"It is a mechanism which we were ignorant of in Darwin's day, and which we are only now beginning to understand.

Can man dispose?

"The more important part of this regulating mechanism lies in five glands which are so small that they might all be carried in a man's vest-pocket.

"Wild instincts can be bred out of animals, so presumably human nature could be changed in a similar way. But in the case of animals, a superior creature—namely, man—is the breeder. Who is to play the role in the case of man himself?

"It seems to me that you couldn't have a State run on purely eugenist lines because of human nature. Human nature is dominated by emotion. The question is, Could human nature be rationalised?

"Also you must remember that if you produced a man who was without human vice, you would have a man who was without the very forces which impel him onwards. Man only lives at all when he lives dangerously.

Changed beings

"But probably eugenics could modify the effects of modern civilisation on the race. The industrial revolution is less than three hundred years old, and it is early yet to say what kind of a race it will produce.

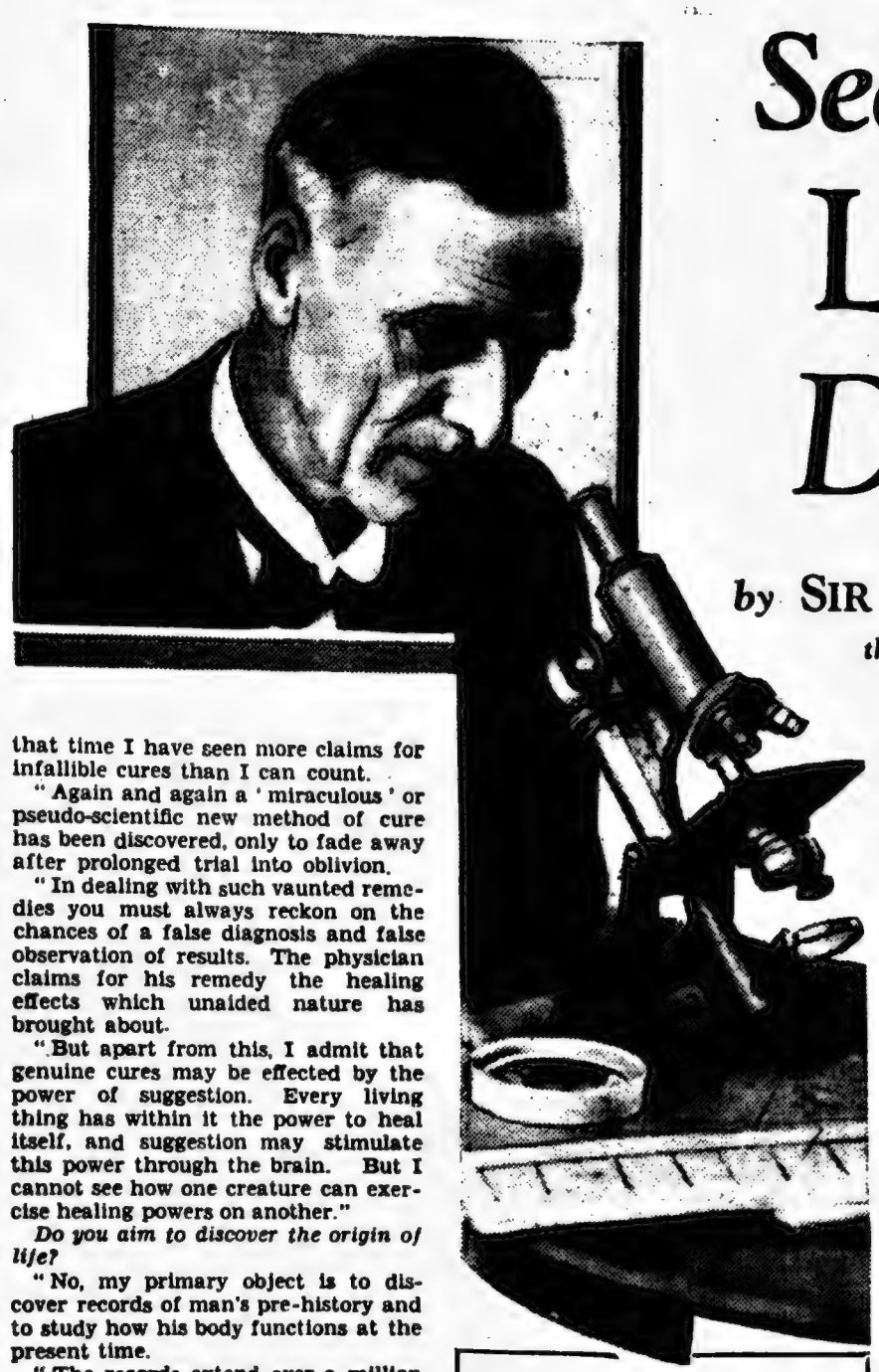
"One distinct type which has emerged since the eighteenth century is the 'adenoid face.' About one in five of those who work in the City of London belong to this type.

"The characteristics are narrow jaws, contracted palate, a pinched nose, sunken cheek-bones, and a long, narrow face.

"If industrial conditions can produce such a change in two hundred years, it is obvious that applied medical science acting over the next two hundred years can also produce a marked effect.

"Eugenics is still in its infancy. We are feeling our way forwards. Medical dietary, for instance, is a vast and critical experiment.

"No one can prophesy the results of it. We can only trust to medical science and follow wherever it leads us."



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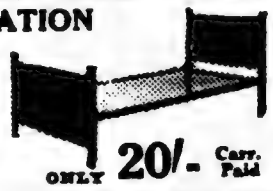

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Weekly Informations from—

—MAJ.-GEN. SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS

MY Best Bag OF SWINDLERS

I AM here going to unmask a number of criminals who have gathered in force for a united effort to defraud the public. I trust I shall be in time to save many people from falling into their net.

It is largely the splendid co-operation of my readers which makes this exposure possible, for my suspicions were first aroused when letters began to reach me from all parts of the country to say that a London firm was offering to make big profits for investors in a "non-speculative" business.

The fact that so many of my readers had received the same offer suggested a kind of mass philanthropy which I did not like. I therefore instructed my department to make the fullest enquiries.

The reports now before me are amazing.

The philanthropic firm is the Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd., which originally had offices in Cannon Street, London, E.C., but is now to be found at 3, Southwark Street, S.E.

The literature it distributes is richly printed, and includes a booklet entitled "Wealth Through the Ages," by C. H. Holdaway, who shared with a certain Arthur Edward Crawley the distinction of being one of the corporation's first directors.

On its own showing, the Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd., is out to compete with banks, shipowners, brokers, wholesalers and middlemen.

It declares that its activities are confined to financing "specific parcels and cargoes of produce," yielding "sure and substantial profits."

First—and worst

Its notepaper bears an embossed crest, the motto being *Primus Inter Omnes*—"First among them all"!

All this, of course, is very impressive, but I have before me particulars of the sad case of a woman who has been induced to part with various sums to finance different projects that the corporation has put forward, until she finds herself to-day £875 out of pocket.

Although she considered the excuses advanced for the delay in paying the promised profits to be reasonable at first, she now knows otherwise, and has had to seek the advice of her solicitors.

Others, I fear, are in a similar predicament, and I am truly sorry for them.

Anyone who knows the business world of London must agree that a move from the heart of the City to the Southwark district, south of the river, is something of a come-down for a corporation which boasts the proud motto, "First Among Them All."

But in this case the move was a damnably clever one. Cannon Street is in the City of London Police area; Southwark Street comes under the jurisdiction of the Metropolitan Police.

The Economic Finance Corporation spent three months in the former district and deemed that long enough, particularly as officers of the City Police had begun enquiries.

It has, I find, the unique advantage of retaining an ex-C.I.D. officer on its staff in the person of C. H. Holdaway, whose booklet on "Wealth Through the Ages" I have already mentioned.

He was dismissed the force some years ago for disciplinary offences while serving at Hackney.

Since then he has distinguished himself in various ventures of a dubious character, and has been in jail on more than one occasion.

As for A. E. Crawley, who posed to one victim as the son of a titled man with possessions in Wales, I find that his history is even more interesting.

A bad record

His real name is Firth, and he made Holdaway's acquaintance last year in Pentonville Prison, where both were serving sentences for company frauds.

Crawley is by far the greater offender. The swindling companies in which he has been involved are legion, besides which he is an undischarged bankrupt to the tune of nearly £20,000.

Several terms of imprisonment for fraud is Crawley's tally, his last sentence, which expired in September last, being one of eighteen months.

He and Holdaway left jail together, and the grandiose Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd., blossomed forth very shortly afterwards.

Since the move from the City to Southwark, these men's names have not figured on the literature.

There is a newcomer named Frank R. Hilton, though I am satisfied he acts only as a nominee for Crawley, who is the real master of ceremonies.

At the same time, it is illuminating to note that Hilton likewise made the acquaintance of Crawley and Holdaway in prison.

Hilton's sentence was unexpired when they left, but Crawley sent an emissary to meet him on the day of his release, with the result that he was brought to the corporation's headquarters as a director.

Even the emissary is an interesting study. He is a convicted person who runs to bulk rather than brains.

Crawley, being a short, spare man, found this athletic fellow a useful person to have in the office to answer the telephone and deal with any unwelcome callers.

Another personality in this widening circle is a seemingly refined and educated young man whom Crawley employed to draw up the corporation's impressive literature.

Mysterious de Castro

His name is William Duffy, and I find that he is also the sole director of another company called the June Trust, Ltd., formed by Crawley to deal in shares.

But, like the other men I have named, he is little more than a nominee.

The ramifications of this investigation are endless. Fresh names spring up on every hand.

A certain Richard de Castro has been much in evidence at the corporation's headquarters, where he has conferred very privately with Crawley.

De Castro is independently running a get-rich-quick scheme known as Southwater Hygienic Piggeries, Ltd., at Horsham, about which warnings have already appeared in JOHN BULL and various financial newspapers.

Exactly what part the mysterious Richard de Castro plays in the affairs of the Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd., I cannot say; but I do know that even Crawley regards him with awe and is often in his company.

Then there is another man, a Thomas Graham, who has been very closely associated with this circle, though he recently disappeared from his usual haunts.

Plots and poses

Aided by a man called "Donovan," Graham has just perpetrated some exceedingly clever company frauds in the City, so his absence is not difficult to understand

It came to the knowledge of this pair that dividends were due to preferential investors in certain of the ill-fated Gerard-Lee-Bevan group of companies, so a pretty little plot was hatched.

"Donovan" posed as a solicitor, installed himself in a City office, informed the liquidators of the companies that he was acting for several investors, and negotiated for the money due.

"William Henry Harrison in a long-firm fraud"

Graham, posing as the investors, forged their names, and in several instances obtained hundreds of pounds before the conspiracy was discovered.

Octopus-like

At least one cheque obtained in this way was cleared at a City bank through the account of a man named William Henry Harrison, an old associate of Graham's.

Both were co-directors in a long-firm fraud, done in the name of Martin Graham and Company, which netted thousands of pounds.

Graham, too, was associated with yet another stock and share business called Douglas Russell and Company, of Gracechurch Street, London, E.C.

The ramifications of this company extended even to Paris, and people from all parts were unscrupulously robbed, one victim alone parting with more than £1,000.

My story seems never-ending. But I will stop here for the moment, my first concern being to protect my readers from the gang of crooks operating so ingeniously behind the ambitious scheme of the Economic Finance Corporation, Ltd.

THE FIVE-BOB CUPID

THE latest postal deputy for Cupid to come to our notice is Ronald Ellwood. He is the principal of an organisation known as the Gretna Green Matrimonial Agency, of Kendale, Gretna Green, N.B., which he declares to be famous for successful marriages.

Recently he was advertising under a box number to the effect that a bachelor of thirty-eight desired to correspond with a refined lady.

One applicant received a letter from Ellwood saying that the "bachelor" in question was one of his clients, who would like to have fuller particulars.

She was therefore requested to complete a form, giving such details as colour of hair, complexion, and total income from all sources.

* * *

In returning this form she must also send 5s. as a "fee for filing" the particulars in the Gretna Green Matrimonial Agency's registers.

Ellwood promises "strictest secrecy" and "greatest care," but we fail to see how he can possibly guarantee the integrity of clients scattered throughout the kingdom, whom he has never met.

The practice of effecting five-shilling introductions between strangers of opposite sexes is open to many objections, and no one with any sense would seek a life-partner through such channels.

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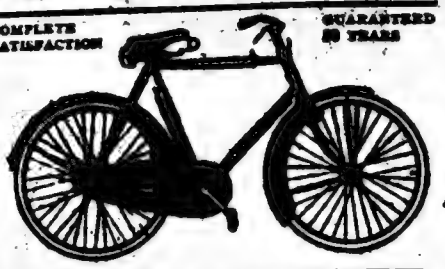

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£1,100
Awarded in "John Bull's" Cross-word Competition No. 115.

The only correct solution in the above contest was received from:—

R. Wilson, Co-op Buildings, Kelty, Fife, Scotland,

to whom, subject to the conditions of the Competition, a cheque for £1,000 will be despatched.

Solutions containing one error only were received from the following 20 competitors, who share the Second Prize of £100, each receiving £5:—

Betteridge, Mrs., 183, Manor Farm Rd., Tyseley, B'ham; Bishop, Mrs. E. A., 14, Churchill Gardens, Newcastle-on-Tyne; Blood, W., 99, London Road, Ipswich; Briggs, Mrs. J. H., 9, Peacock St., Gravesend; Brown, J., 42, Coronation St., Wallsend-on-Tyne; Callaghan, C., 21, Chepplngton St., Newcastle-on-Tyne; Corby, A. E., 22, Derwent St., Leicester; Finch, Mrs. W., Winterbourne, Nr. Newbury, Berks; Horsley, Miss L., St. Meritz, Chester Rd., New Oscott, Sutton Coldfield, B'ham; Jones, F. S., 10, College Rd., Clifton Bristol; Kemp, Mrs. J. A., 8, Alexandra Rd., Leatock, Nr. Bolton, Lancs; Knowles, Mrs., 74, Grove Rd., Mitcham; Lane, C. S., Corley Ash, Nr. Coventry; Lowe, R., 14, Knight St., Bolton; Maltlss, Mrs., 442, Bordesley Green, Birmingham; Payne, Mrs. G. J., 24, Radley Gardens, Kenton, Harrow; Pyatt, Mrs. E., 96, Silvermere Rd., Catford, S.E.6; Redgate, S. J., 52, Bourne Bank, Barnton, S.-on-T.; Smith, Miss E. B., Station House, Innerwick, Dunbar; Wilkins, A., 8, Holywell, Oxford.

Try your skill in the Grand "John Bull" Birthday Celebration X-Word on Page 36.

Don't miss it.
What?
That COUPON on the Front Page.

FREE ECZEMA

Sufferers should not despair, but should write to us without delay, when

ONE WEEK'S FREE TREATMENT

will be sent to any address, along with our Booklet of Testimonials, telling of the wonderful cures of skin diseases we have made, when other treatments have failed. Send 3d. in stamps to cover postage and packing.

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P.D.5^

A QUEER TYRE-BURST and a TRAGIC FIASCO

PART of the British Tyre Service policy was to inaugurate road patrols similar to those of the famous R.A.C.

DURING the past few days an extraordinarily conducted venture has ended in inglorious fiasco.

It is a concern known as British Tyre Service, which for nearly twelve months has been carrying on business in the most curious manner from two sets of imposing head offices in Haymarket, London, and Paradise Street, Birmingham, as well as at depots in important towns up and down the country.

The beautifully-equipped main offices in London and Birmingham have been suddenly abandoned, the Post Office has disconnected the telephones, and bailiffs are in possession of most of the provincial branches.

Distressing scenes and incidents are to be witnessed daily at these places.

People with financial interests in British Tyre Service come from different parts of the country with suspicions aroused because their letters of enquiry have been unheeded.

Puncture-proof?

They discover with dismay that all business has been suspended, and there is no one to give them information.

Most tragic of all the pathetic groups who haunt the offices are men who gave everything they possessed to British Tyre Service so that they could have local managerships in the concern throughout Britain.

They have been heartlessly ruined, these poor fellows. But they are only a few of a crowd who have had similar shameful treatment in recent months.

In its trading principles British Tyre Service was merely a copy of some motor-car maintenance organisations which have been in existence for a number of years.

Its object was to enlist motorists as members for a subscription of £7 10s., and to fill the inner-tubes of their cars with a preparation which was supposed to make them puncture-proof, give discounts on tyre purchases and provide a regular service of greasing and oiling.

If a puncture did happen, however, the company undertook to send a mechanic to the scene of the mishap and fit a new tyre at its own expense.

Careers blasted

On the merits of the scheme we make no criticism, but we condemn as cruel and callous the manner in which British Tyre Service got its funds and members.

Most of its capital and income were obtained from young men on the threshold of life—youths whose parents had provided them with the means to embark on a business career or who had been able to raise the money from friends so that they could seize the glittering opportunities announced by British Tyre Service.

They parted with between £250 and £500 each to secure the multitude of managerial posts which the company was continuously advertising in the Press.

Prospective investors were first interviewed in London by a Captain F. W. Butterworth, and then sent by him to have their appointments ratified at Birmingham by a person named Arthur Cecil Aspinall.

No one was refused a manager's post so long as he could find the money required by British Tyre Service.

Agreements of an amazing kind were given to the company's dupes.

They were so framed that those who provided British Tyre Service with money could be dismissed on the slightest pretext, and the directors could repay them at their discretion.

Some of the early investors soon found themselves being removed, and in every case the company held on to their money.

Their places were quickly filled by fresh applicants who were bled in a similar manner.

One manager, when dismissed, demanded an interview with the board of directors in accordance with his agreement.

Aspinall was the only person present at the meeting, and he refused point-blank to surrender a shilling.

A few days ago one of the numerous investor-managers obtained a judgment against the company for £400 in respect of his contract, but apparently there is nothing left to satisfy it.

Another scandalous aspect of this astonishing firm has been the manner in which members were enlisted and their £5 subscriptions obtained from them.

As soon as a manager was appointed to open a new depôt, he found that he was little more than a dummy.

That snowball again

There always arrived an agent sent by Aspinall or Butterworth, whose job was to entice investors of another kind, and whom the managers were instructed to allow to use "his own methods."

The new victims were unemployed men who were appointed to canvass the countryside for members.

They had, as a preliminary condition, to become members themselves by paying the company £5, and their appointments were not confirmed unless each of them could provide the company with ten other members—£50—in the first two weeks.

Constant streams of men desperately searching for work came forward for these jobs and paid the £5 required to enable them to start.

To many it proved too stiff a proposition, however, and their disillusionment was complete when they sought the return of the money which they had given to the company and which few of them were able to spare.

Managers, canvassers and other investors in British Tyre Service were given the impression that it was a company of substance commanding rich resources.

Dust in their eyes

This belief was strengthened by the splendid suites of offices it occupied and the manner in which hospitality was dispensed to possible investors.

Before being induced to hand over their money they were entertained to regal luncheons at luxury hotels and taken on excursions by Aspinall in a beautiful, white Rolls-Royce motor-car.

During its short life the company has obtained approximately £12,000 from manager-investors and £20,000 from members.

Aspinall, we believe, has at the last moment severed his connection with British Tyre Service.

As he has been the mainspring of this despicable concern, however, his departure should not prevent a thorough investigation of its methods and affairs.

A City's *Shameful* Secret

BEHIND the conviction of George Wellington, a Gloucester tram conductor, aged twenty-two, who was recently sentenced to six months' hard labour on two grave charges, there is a scandal of more than local importance.

The case itself is too unpleasant for description. Its importance lies in the fact that, while Wellington was deservedly punished, others in high places were more blameworthy and have managed to escape.

Moreover, during the hearing of the case, statements were made which must cause grave anxiety to all interested in the Boy Scout movement.

At the police-court Wellington's solicitor said that, in a statement to the police, Wellington declared that he had been taught certain practices by two people "who were his seniors and superiors in the Scout movement."

"Unhappily," the solicitor continued, "those people are not before the court, for I believe they are, at this moment, beyond your jurisdiction.

"It is they who are responsible for this dreadful state of things. This lad is the dupe rather than the person who instigated and spread this conduct."

The Mayor of Gloucester, speaking from the Bench, then made a statement which suggests that the scandal is even more extensive than the solicitor's remarks might lead one to suppose.

"We are of opinion," he said, "that fourteen others concerned in this case should not be allowed to go free. Investigations should be made with a view to their being brought to justice."

His Worship's views are echoed by many of his townsmen jealous for the good name of their city, and JOHN BULL was asked to investigate the case.

We did so, and we discovered that the Gloucester City police had been making far wider enquiries than was generally known. They had thought it necessary to interview more than a hundred young men and boys.

* * *

Obviously an enquiry of this magnitude would not have been undertaken without grave reason.

Some of these interviews were undoubtedly in direct connection with Wellington's case, but we are able to state that investigations had started some time before there was any charge against the young tram conductor, and that the state of affairs now uncovered has existed for more than ten years.

The scandal was first brought to light by a young man who had an unpleasant memory of an experience of his own early boyhood when he joined the Scout movement.

When he was satisfied that he had discovered a social evil of wide ramifications, he laid his facts before certain highly-placed citizens of Gloucester, and they in their turn approached the police.

In the meantime, however, two men gravely implicated in this scandal evidently became aware of the enquiry which had been set on foot, and they fled the country.

At present the only result of the extensive police investigations has been the conviction of young Wellington.

The matter cannot be allowed to rest there. The people of Gloucester and all the wider public interested in the Scout movement will not be satisfied until they learn the identity of the two men who so abused their positions in that movement.

And they will also want to know who are the fourteen persons whom the mayor said "should not be allowed to go free."

* * *

It is not just that one young man should be the only one sent to jail while those chiefly responsible are allowed to go scot-free.

We demand a thorough investigation of the whole disgraceful affair, an investigation which will ensure that those responsible shall pay the penalty and that this terrible evil shall be eradicated from the city's life.

No. 1 WENT LIKE A FLASH

WHEW! How No. 1 of the new "Picturegoer" went like a flash! How they rushed to the bookstalls to see something new, original and irresistible in film journalism! How they admired the sparkling cover in two colours! **Never before has there been such a tremendous demand for a new paper!** The one question on the lips of film fans was: "Have you seen the new 'Picturegoer'?"

No wonder! The new "Picturegoer" is something as different from the old style of magazine as a glass of champagne is from a mug of flat ale—something with all the snap of an epigram—all the unconventionality of a paper which frankly confesses that it would rather never be published at all than be ordinary.

Now for No. 2, which rivals No. 1 in sheer brilliance and audaciousness. The racy news the tit-bits from the studios, the wonderful pictures, the—but you must get it yourself to enjoy the thrill!

Be warned in time. No. 2 won't remain long on the counters. **Better to place an order with your newsagent now than run the risk of going empty-handed.**

A peep inside No. 2.

She's "IT"!

A mop of flaming hair; eyes that flirt outrageously; the epitome of "IT"—Clara Bow, of course. Now learn what she has been doing since she disappeared from the screen and why Paramount has been puckering its brows over her.

"My Ideal Man," by Greta Garbo.

The Sphinx of Hollywood continues her exclusive talk to the "Picturegoer" and describes her ideal man. She does not mince words. Her remarks are frankness itself. And she has something to say too about Marlene Dietrich.

"Atta Girl"!

"Say, that blonde ain't too dumb. She can act! act!! Shoot! Shoot! Don't lose that shot." There's action in every line of "Screen Fever," the unvarnished tale of studio life. Don't miss the second instalment in No. 2 of the new "Picturegoer." Enjoy the tremendous climax.

Don't Shout!

There are some comic clauses in film contracts: One star is not permitted to shout at prize fights; another must have his stutter insured; in another a film actress is permitted to bring her mother when on location . . . you will enjoy these peeps behind the screen.

NOW FOR No. 2

PICTUREGOER WEEKLY

ALL PHOTOGRAVURE—TWOPENCE

Look for this brilliant colour

A Gallant Fight—and a Great Victory

STORIES of the stern battles fought daily in the town's smoke and grime make grim reading—usually. But here is one from the home of Mr. and Mrs. Henson, at 66, Wrotham Road, London, N.W., which is delightful to relate, for it has a happy ending.

This couple had been struggling along well when the first great set-back came. Mr. Henson was involved in a ghastly accident at his work as a van-driver.

The horse he was driving took sudden fright and bolted through the crowded streets. The van crashed and pinned Mr. Henson beneath it.

Both his legs were crushed so badly that he will hardly ever walk again.

His working partner's income is much too small to permit of adequate compensation being paid to his wife, upon whom the brunt of the worry and trouble has since fallen.

But Mrs. Henson is a working woman, whose education began when she left school more than forty years ago.

She lives with her husband in a thickly populated neighbourhood where hard times are the rule rather than the exception.

Combined with great faith in herself and tenacity of purpose, she had confidence in her ability to succeed. She became a competitor in the Crossword competitions appearing in JOHN BULL every week.

• • •

She had no dictionary; often the only time she could find to study the contests was after midnight when her work was done.

And her bedridden husband was quite certain that she'd never get that big prize.

But she persevered. Worn and tired after a life-time filled with anxiety as she was, she still kept a tight grip on this one last hope.

And success rewarded her thirty-ninth effort.

Mrs. Henson won £500 — a half-share in our Crossword Competition No. 114.

Her husband on his sick-bed wouldn't believe it until he saw the cheque — but now he is busily working out a plan for the most glorious holiday ever.

Zest to his anticipation —Mr. J. R. Brown

• • •

The second £500 goes to Mr. J. R. Brown, of 8, Ian's Avenue, Villa Place, Hessle Road, Hull.

Mr. Brown works as a coal-trimmer at the Albert Dock. He has been engaged in the same strenuous occupation for forty years.

He is sixty, and his days of retirement—on the meagre old-age pension—are approaching.

A bank balance of £500 will add zest to the anticipation.

Do You Sunny-Snap?

What are Sunny Snaps? They are pictures taken by amateur photographers and entered for the big cash prizes offered by the *Daily Herald*.

For the best snap of the season reflecting the happy or the unusual scenes of life there is a first prize of £100, a second of £25, a third of £10, and there are many cash prizes to be won every week.

Your camera will take prize-winning snaps—enter now!

A CROOK IN A CASSOCK

A ROGUE of twenty-five or so is at present touring the country, posing as a devout Catholic, and securing fresh victims in every town and city he visits.

He was in Liverpool recently, and, giving the name of Rimmer, he called upon a well-known firm which specialises in ecclesiastical furnishings.

He explained that he had been commissioned by a Roman Catholic priest in Hastings to place an order for certain church vestments.

His story not only sounded plausible, but was backed up by a letter purporting to have been written by the priest and giving him full authority to make the purchases.

So the youthful visitor spent some time in discussing the priest's requirements, and finally placed an order for vestments to the value of £50.

Giving detailed instructions for their delivery by post at an address in Hastings, Rimmer then tendered a cheque for £80, which was apparently signed by the priest he had named, and calmly demanded change.

• • •

Every detail of his story was so convincing that his request did not occasion suspicion, and he was actually handed £30 in cash.

On the same day this plausible young fellow visited the Bon Secours Sisters, a French community of nuns in Liverpool.

Here he brazenly asserted that he had been sent by the secretary of Archbishop Downey to collect their contribution towards the erection of the new Liverpool Cathedral.

"Is this all?" he asked, when the nuns handed him £30. "The Archbishop will be disappointed."

So a further £5 was offered, which he accepted with ill grace!

• • •

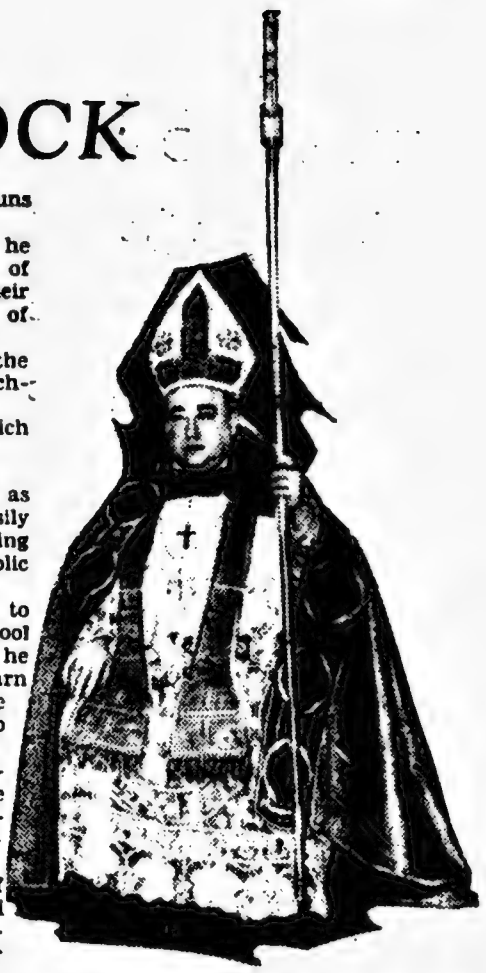
We are able to denounce Rimmer as a hardened rogue, who has been busily defrauding people and collecting money for various alleged Catholic causes.

He has even had the impudence to collect subscriptions to the Liverpool Cathedral Golden Book, so in case he should try this again we would warn the public that this fund is in the hands of one organiser and that no collectors are sent out canvassing.

Rimmer has not confined his activities to Liverpool, though. We have evidence of his fraudulent operations in Eastbourne, Weston-super-Mare, Bristol and Manchester.

He has also affected the names of Dale, Mannering, and Fisher, and frequently passes as a priest, prefixing his aliases with "Father" or "Reverend" at will.

He is a dangerous impostor and must be stopped.



Dr. Downey, Archbishop of Liverpool, whose name Rimmer had the effrontery to use

TRILBY'S *Sinister Bottle-Parties*

THE craving for the so-called Bohemian flavour in London life is being exploited in a new and vicious manner. JOHN BULL hopes by this exposure to check a growing evil.

The plan is simply a bad commercial imitation of those gay but usually harmless parties given in the studios of Chelsea art students.

But there is no suggestion of art in this new variety of studio party—only the exploitation of young people who have yearnings to "see life."

Towards the closing hour in bars, extravagantly dressed girls, definitely employed as touts, mingle among young men who are out "having a good time."

The pretty touts then let fall a brilliant idea. Half reluctantly, so it seems, they confess to knowing a place where the fun can be continued, and—greatest of all thrills to the dupes—continued in the company of real live artists and people of the Bohemian circle.

The instance we choose is typical of many, and the facts are based on a special investigation made by a JOHN BULL commissioner.

• • •

Just off Charlotte Street, London, W., there is a building once used as a garage, but now occupied by a woman known as Trilby.

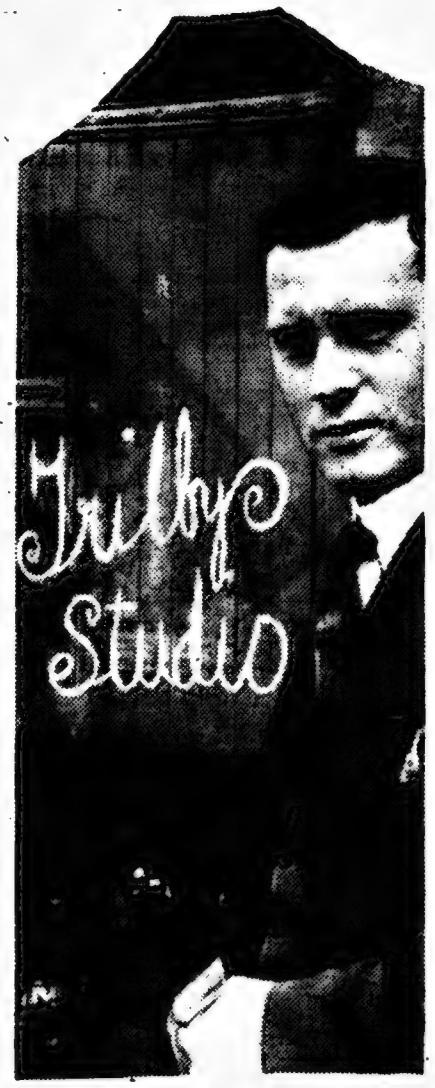
The bare, whitewashed walls are unadorned, but on the stone floor there is a carpet, which still fails to cover many of the oil and grease marks left by the former tenants.

In the middle is a divan, and there are cushions on the floor for visitors.

This, then, is the "studio" which our commissioner visited last week. The scene was deplorable.

Three or four girls who had been drinking more than was good for them were sprawling on the divan, and several couples were lolling about on the cushions by the wall. A gramophone was blaring out dance music.

A few couples were dancing in a lackadaisical manner, obviously too fuddled to make the proper movements.



Trilby's studio—seen here—is in Inspector Frew's area. Will he act now?

At about two o'clock in the morning, Trilby called for silence. Having subdued the din, she said that those who had lost the last train home, or were too "tight" to travel, could stay the night on payment of 2s. 6d.

This announcement was greeted with cheers, and followed by the departure of a few of the company.

Extra cushions and blankets were then handed out, and Trilby's remaining "guests" divested themselves of some of their clothing and lay down.

• • •

One girl, too intoxicated fully to realise what was going on, was with a party of young men, and they began to put her to bed. This seemed to sober her, and she began to protest.

Trilby, hearing the disturbance, said: "You are drunk, my dear. You had better stay."

But here an older woman took pity on the girl and insisted that she should be taken home. The others were settling down to their makeshift beds as our investigator left.

How is admission obtained to this sham studio? It is very simple.

Either the revellers follow the girl touts, or they are attracted by invitation cards which state: "Trilby invites you to a Bottle Party at her studio."

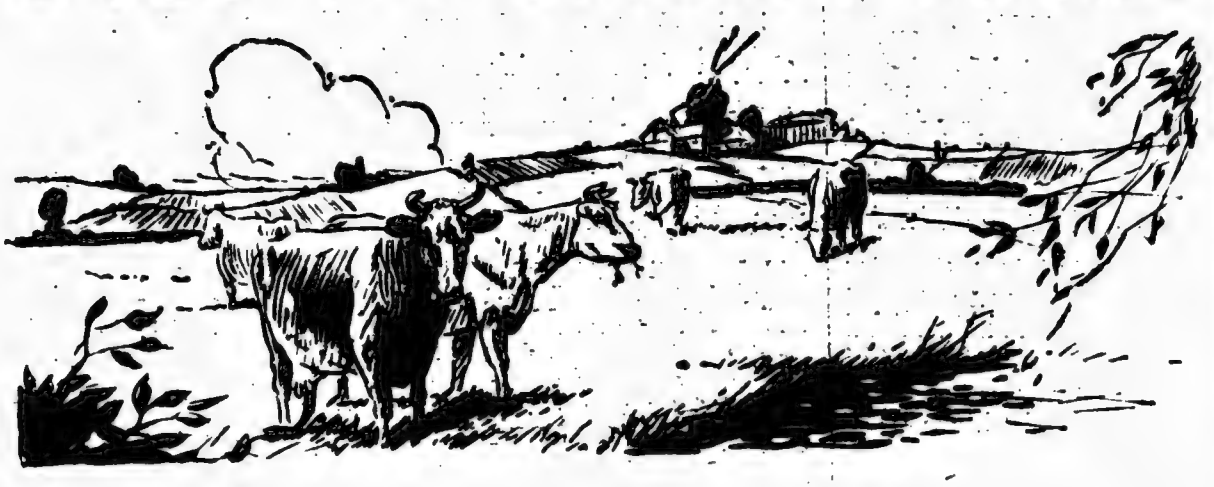
The initiated know what to do, but the novices are told to bring along bottles of liquor with which to make merry.

Soon after entering—as in the case of our commissioner—Trilby demands half-a-crown for the privilege of joining in the revels. The further half-crown is the price of sleeping on the floor when it is too late or the revellers are too intoxicated to go home.

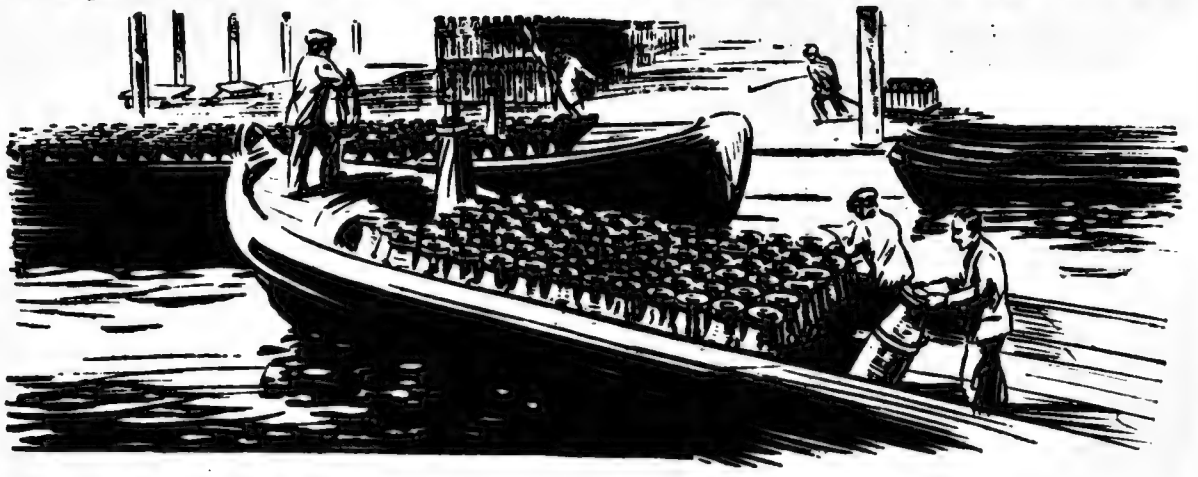
We urge the police to put a stop to these drunken petting parties. By so doing they will check an evil which threatens to spread with the same speed as the bad night-club craze.

THERE'S NO MILK BETTER than the best British milk; and that's the milk that goes into Cadbury's Milk Chocolate. On over 900 British farms special herds of cows are kept exclusively for this purpose. Within a few hours of milking, the day's rich yield, with all its cream, is being mixed with the pure chocolate in generous measure—a glass and a half for every half pound block, half a cup for every twopenny bar.

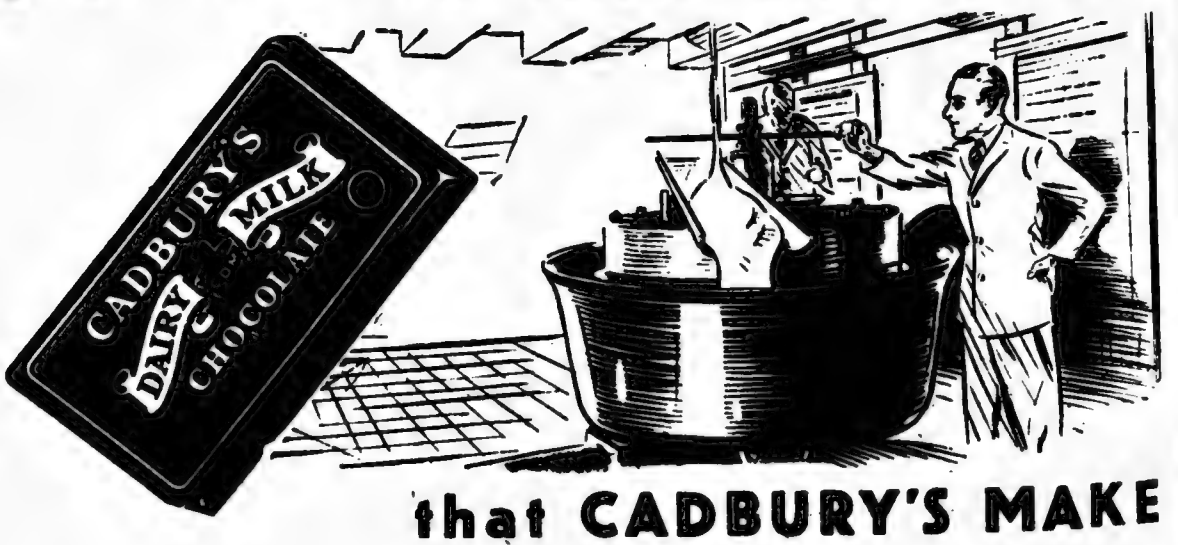
OVER 900 BRITISH FARMS



supply the FULL-CREAM MILK that



goes into the MILK CHOCOLATE



that CADBURY'S MAKE

—and that's why you'll say

'I WANT CADBURY'S'

"Powerless to fight against a mysterious bureaucracy

Without Fear or Favour

FRIGHTFUL LUNACY TYRANNY

THERE are certain injustices within the law which will never be ended until the conscience of the people is deeply stirred. There are some tyrannies which the individual suffers because he is powerless to fight against a monstrous bureaucracy with no body to be kicked and no soul to be damned.

These are the tyrannies and injustices which JOHN BULL has been fighting for twenty-five years, and which we mean to go on fighting with all our strength during the years to come.

To-day, on our twenty-fifth anniversary, we call upon the people of Great Britain to secure a revision of the lunacy laws.

The Board of Lunacy Control must be stripped of its autocratic powers. This Board, which administers the Lunacy Act of 1890, the Mental Deficiency Act of 1913 and the Mental Treatment Act of 1930, is the dominating body in the lunacy administration of this country.

It is vested with greater powers than any other statutory body in the world. It is more despotic than Mussolini; more absolute than was any Czar of All the Russias.

To-day this Board has more than 150,000 men, women and children under its control in institutions throughout the country, and it is adding to them at the rate of nearly 20,000 a year. We assert that many of these people are sane and that there is no shadow of excuse for detaining them.

Young souls in bondage

MOREOVER—though we proudly boast our equal justice—JOHN BULL has proof that in actual practice there is one law for the rich and another for the poor.

Adult inmates of our mental hospitals have little chance of obtaining their freedom unless they have money behind them. Juveniles with poor parents have no chance whatever.

Herein lies one of the gravest dangers of the administration of the Board of Control. It now holds in its custody 28,000 boys and girls—an increase of 8,000 in five years.

These young people are locked away in asylums all over the country, and the Board is building to house 30,000 more.

The Board of Lunacy Control is absolute master of their fate. We know, because we have tried again and again to intervene on behalf of some poor boy or girl, and we might as well have battered with bare fists against the brass doors of hell itself.

One fundamental evil of the present system lies in the legally admitted system of certification. The most exploited and most abused system of removing people is by the use of what is called an urgency order.

To-day, any young whipper-snapper with a degree can sign a certificate of that kind, consigning a fellow human being to an asylum.

True, that the certificate must be countersigned by a judicial authority, but in nine cases out of ten a Justice of the Peace will give his signature readily enough. And the ordinary magistrate is *not* more competent to estimate sanity or insanity.

In Great Britain the average doctor makes no study of diseases of the mind. Even the Board of Control itself deplores the lamentable lack of medical training on this important subject.

The first reform of the lunacy laws, therefore, must be a provision that no man, woman or child, rich or poor, shall be certified insane except by two qualified specialists in mental diseases.

So much for the basic abuse of incompetent certification. We now come to the incompetent staffing of our mental hospitals. Here, again, we state positively that asylum jobs are looked upon in the medical profession as the last refuge of medicos who have little prospect of remunerative work elsewhere.

They get their jobs, and then, following the natural tendency, they dig themselves in, develop the bureaucratic mind, and carry out with terrible enthusiasm the policy of the Board of Control. Facts prove that that policy is one of detention rather than cure.

Too late! for redress

DURING the past twenty-five years—that is, ever since JOHN BULL was first published—the recovery rate among so-called mental patients has not varied for the better.

It remains constant at about 31 per cent., and the recoveries, when tested, are usually cases not of mental disease, but of temporary mental disturbance. In other words, many of the "recoveries" ought never to have been certified at all.

Another scandalous fact to which we must call attention is that under the present regulations no patient is allowed to know why he is being detained. He cannot legally obtain a copy of the reception-order until he is discharged from the institution. And then it is too late for him to obtain redress.

If you have not explored the terrifying jungle of our lunacy regulations, this may strike you as an amazing—nay, an appalling—state of affairs. But there is worse to come.

One of the most astounding powers conferred upon the Board of Control is the legal right to refuse the demand of a patient who believes that he or she has been falsely certified for independent medical examination by doctors from outside.

The Board may allow such an examination, but it is not obliged to do so, and in practice it rarely does.

Relatives of an adult patient can demand an independent examination at their own expense, but, in the case of patients certified before they became of age, nothing can be done at all. In its absolute discretion the Board can refuse an independent examination and retain the patient in its custody for ever.

The only possible way to combat this frightful tyranny is to apply for a writ of *habeas corpus* and obtain a High Court order. This possibility is open only to the rich, for the proceedings are likely to cost several thousand pounds.

Tricked and hidden

WE therefore demand as a second measure of urgently needed reform that every patient be allowed to examine his or her certificate of admission and be given the absolute right—if he or she can make out a *prima facie* case to the visiting justices—of examination by independent doctors.

Finally, we denounce with the utmost vigour at our command the scandalous and abominable way in which many poor parents are induced by trickery and artifice to sign away their children's liberty.

In the exercise of its colossal powers the Board of Lunacy Control has come to interpret backwardness at school as mental deficiency, and one of its favourite recruiting-grounds is the special school authorised by Parliament for the education of dull and backward children.

We have proof that women welfare-workers representing the Board have called upon working-class parents and persuaded them to allow a backward son or daughter to go away for "a period of convalescence" to some centre where he or she will be given special attention.

Then a form is produced for the parents to sign and they sign it, quite unaware that they are signing away their child's liberty, possibly for life, to the Board of Control.

For stealing sweets

ONCE the parents' signature is obtained the child is consigned beyond escape to some mental hospital.

Side by side with this terrible system of capture by trickery is the grim capture of young people by certification while they are outside their parents' control in some industrial school or reformatory.

The Board's officials may certify these children as mentally deficient without consulting the parents, and there is no appeal possible.

We are fighting now to secure the release of a woman of thirty-three who stole a few sweets on Margate beach when she was nine years old and has been kept a prisoner ever since, though she is as sane as her captors and is sent out from the institution daily to work!

There are many minor evils of the present system with which we have no space to deal. No patched-up reform is possible. The lunacy laws and their administration must be entirely revised. And nothing but the force of public opinion, which we invoke here, can bring this about.

CHIEF IN... Amazing

"In a low monotone Loo Foo translated the message. It was a message of death"

PEOPLE who happen to know me as JOHN BULL'S Special Commissioner sometimes ask me how it is that we are continually able to expose startling scandals and to show up dangerous rascals long before the authorities have taken action or the rest of the Press become aware of the facts.

I don't tell them. It just happens to be my own job and my own secret.

But this much I can say. During the twenty-five years of its publication JOHN BULL has built up an Investigation Department of peculiar and specialised resources—a kind of underworld secret service of which I am proud to be the chief investigator.

There is always a story behind the JOHN BULL story. Some of them would make thrilling reading were it possible for me to give away my secrets.

And if I had to do my work in Chicago instead of London I don't suppose my life would be an insurable risk.

It has been threatened several times even as it is.

My work brings me into contact with crooks, gangsters, maniacs, confidence - tricksters, share - pushers and every variety of blackguard and sharp.

Alone with a fanatic

Most of them, happily, don't know who I am. Now and again when one of them finds out there is apt to be trouble.

For example, some little time ago I was working in my own office when a wild-eyed man walked into the room, produced a revolver, and laid it on the desk in front of me.

I recognised him at once as Alexander Gordon, otherwise known as Cosmo the Mystic, an impostor with a bad record whom I was exposing in JOHN BULL at the time.

Now, I know how to use my fists as well as the next man, but I don't carry a gun and I don't like them—nasty things; they may go off.

Cosmo was furious in his protests and I didn't like the glint in his eyes. It was an occasion for tact and I was certainly tactful.

I explained that I must look more closely into his case and stepped into an adjoining room to fetch some papers.

While in that room I telephoned to the police, and that was the end of that.

Bluff doesn't impress me very much, and mere bullies don't often frighten me. But there have been times when I was badly scared. The worst quarter of an hour I remember was provided for me by a man named Jack Taylor.

Taylor walked into my room quietly enough and said that he wished to air a serious grievance.

A bad five minutes

What made this situation a real thriller for me was that I knew him to be a dangerous criminal lunatic, who had just escaped from Broadmoor, and who, according to the "hue and cry" police reports, was believed to be armed.

Tact again; you can't argue with a madman, and Taylor was soon working himself into a frenzy. I managed to persuade him to let me write a note to an influential friend who might help him.

Then I rang for a messenger and kept Taylor busy with any kind of talk that came into my head.

The note was addressed to the police, and I was very relieved when they arrived a few minutes later and proffered the only help possible for one so terribly deranged. They escorted him back to Broadmoor.

There was nothing mental about another troublesome visitor who burst into my office one day shouting violent threats.

I recognised my man at once. He was a crook who had very ingenious methods of obtaining compensation for deliberately staged "accidents."

JOHN BULL had denounced him straightly and strongly, and now he had come to settle up his score with us.

I knew that the police regarded him as a dangerous ruffian, who was likely to use physical violence whenever it suited his purpose.

It needed something more than tact to get rid of this fellow. The only thing to do was to put on a front bolder than his own and tell him to get out.

It worked, but I grow uncomfortably hot even now when I think of the way in which I edged him out of the office and saw the door close on him.

Dealing with gentry of this type can be a very trying business.

London has no gangster problems comparable to those of the United States, but JOHN BULL did a lot of valuable work at one period when the racecourse toughs—otherwise known as "the boys"—had become a real menace to the Turf.

The race-gangs had to be "cleaned up," and, in varying guises, I mixed with many of their members.

In this way I obtained information which we could not otherwise have secured, and, as one JOHN BULL exposure article followed another, "the boys" grew very menacing.

Ultimately some of them began to suspect that I was working for JOHN BULL.

Two of them, prominent members of a club where a man had just been stabbed to death, called at the office one day and warned me that there would be some "funny business" if I didn't "go slow."

Race-gang revenge

A little later I was accosted in the street by an evil-looking fellow, who bluntly informed me in underworld slang that I would "stop a hand of bananas"—a knuckle-dustered fist — if the articles continued.

In this same period I had to seek refuge in a hotel proprietor's private sitting-room to escape the persistent attentions of a racing-thug, who had been cultivating my society for days.

The man was just out of jail for assaulting a person in Jermyn Street, London, with a jagged bottle, and, tracking me down late one night, he was eager to lure me to the house of one of the race-gang leaders.

One of the subtlest schemes to identify me was laid in this way:

An informant was asked by a night-club proprietor to get me to accompany him to Brighton on a "good story."

The pretext was that a woman then before the public in connection with sensational white-slave charges was being installed in a newly-opened luxury club.

The real object, as I discovered in time, was to lure me there so that I could be "identified" in the other's company by numerous specially assembled racing-thugs and club proprietors as "*the JOHN BULL man.*"

Events crowd into my mind as I look back over recent years.

Business with Chang

With the aid of a dope-pedlar whom I knew as "Olive," I interviewed Brilliant Chang—the worst Oriental drug-fiend the world has ever known.

Our meeting took place at 4 a.m. in a haunt called the "Jazz Café," in Gerrard Street, London. I was, of course, able to show him money.

I posed as a prospective purchaser of an £80 packet of cocaine, and Chang talked freely in the belief that we should later do "big business" together.

His whereabouts and operations were fully exposed in the next issue of JOHN BULL, and after the

UR ESTIGATOR'S *Adventures*

" . . . struck me on the point of the jaw and sent me spinning downstairs"

police had taken our direction and kept the Jazz Café under observation. Chang was sent to jail and later deported.

That is the true story of Chang's downfall.

That Chinatown investigation was a long one, full of incident. We were at the time running a series of exposures of the dope traffic, and we not only named the traffickers, but published the fullest details of their movements.

A yellow ally

I can now reveal that my chief informant was a Westernised Chinese, known as Kentwill, who presided over a society which had set itself up in opposition to the sinister Chung Yee Tong.

One day a strange postcard was delivered to me, bearing Chinese characters which I could not decipher.

I had not seen my informant, Kentwill, for some time, but I immediately thought of him and decided to go to the office of his society in "Chinatown" to ask him to translate the message.

When I arrived he was nowhere to be seen; his desk was occupied by a Chinese named Loo Foo, who had previously been introduced to me by Kentwill as his assistant.

There were other Chinese in the room, whom I saw were watching me rather strangely.

I was glad I had taken a friend with me.

When I asked for Kentwill, the deputy at the desk told me that he had left suddenly on a visit to China.

I had already handed Loo Foo the postcard to translate for me, and I now realised that some of the other men in the room were eyeing me more suspiciously than ever.

In a low monotone Loo Foo translated the message. It was a message of death.

The Editor, it implied, was being watched and must take due warning. He was offered the choice between accepting a bribe or being stabbed with a dagger.

I thanked Loo Foo, and my friend and I left the room in a hurry.

Although I did not know it until later, the writer of that message of death was actually present in the room when Loo Foo was translating it for my benefit.

A more straightforward message of death came from Edgar Manning, the coloured reprobate, who sent to their untimely graves at least three women and one man whom he had swindled of £80,000.

Manning threatened to get even with me owing to our repeated exposures of him.

"We told the truth about a man found dead . . ."

Master crook caught

We had told the truth about a man found dead in his flat—a flat to which even titled women had been inveigled in blackmail coups that Manning had planned.

Readers of JOHN BULL must realise that my work takes me among polished knaves quite as frequently as it does among hard-bitten criminals.

Swindling company promoters have set me some of my most difficult problems.

One enquiry in this direction was long and involved. The registered directors were men of unblemished financial records.

At last I discovered one supreme crook who seemed to be guiding operations, and in the end we were able to publish a number of articles naming this man and the companies under his control.

On Sunday morning, after the article had appeared, a ring on the telephone from one of my informants told me that this man and three gang toughs were searching for me.

A day or two later I was actually approached by one of the crook's agents, who urged me to drop the investigations. I refused.

Then three toughs stopped me one day and told me outright that I should be man-handled.

The master crook whom I named and exposed at this period was Mark Godfrey, otherwise Sydney Skylinsky, who has just been sentenced at the Old Bailey to seven years' penal servitude.

As the police know, JOHN BULL, through a special appeal to the Public Prosecutor, played a large part in bringing this rogue to justice.

You will remember the recent exposure in JOHN BULL of Casimir Micheletti, the "Terror of Soho," and his partner in crime, Juan Castaner. I shared, with two police officers, a doubtful honour.

Micheletti and Castaner were two of the most dangerous men in Soho, persistent white-slavers, dope-runners and blackmailers. They were always armed.

Both were deported following our exposures, but both contrived to return to their old haunts within a few weeks. Again we unearthed them, and armed police officers rounded up the pair.

When they were escorted from our shores they swore to return to kill three people. They named two members of London's C.I.D.—Sergeants Beard and Seymour. The third victim was to be myself!

Recently Micheletti and Castaner quarrelled in Paris. Castaner killed his erstwhile partner in crime, and is now serving an eight-year sentence on Devil's Island.

Flung out—empty

Odd though it may seem, I consider that my biggest and most hazardous job was in connection with our campaign against the unsavoury night clubs of London's West End.

It was thanks to JOHN BULL that Mrs Meyrick, the Night-Club Queen, was first sent to prison.

She is in jail once more as I write this, and, lest any needless sympathy be wasted on her, let me record here one incident which I witnessed in her Folies Bergere Club in Newman Street.

A refined-looking ex-officer who had lost a leg was pitched down a flight of stairs by a bully who had been trying to blackmail him over some episode with a woman of bad character.

Mrs. Meyrick showed no sympathy for the maimed man, who was fuddled by the drinks he had bought in her club at ruinous prices.

The only thing she worried about was silencing the bully in order to avert a fresh scandal which would have checked the golden flow to her night-club tills.

At that time I had to spend my nights visiting many infamous dens and had to cultivate the friendship of some of the most dangerous rascals at large.

Yet in all the months that I was busily carrying out my investigations I was identified only once.

That was at the New Cosmopolitan Club, in Hanway Street, London, W. It was a haunt of all kinds of criminals.

Nearly a K.O.

Drinking at the bar at the head of the stairs, I overheard much interesting talk about JOHN BULL's latest exposures.

I was straining my ears to listen when a big tough challenged me with being a spy in their midst.

He did not wait for me to reply, but struck me on the point of the jaw and sent me spinning headlong down the stairs.

It would have been disaster but for one amazing thing—the club proprietor himself rushed to my help. He did not want serious trouble. The police were already getting much too interested in him for his liking.

He calmed the bully by assuring him that I was one of the club's "best and most orderly patrons"!

My head was spinning at the time and I was badly shaken and bruised, but I could hardly help laughing at that description.

And laughter comes to me often enough as compensation for the thrills and occasional risks of my curious profession.

Sheer enjoyment! That's what smoking Manikins means for You and Me and there are no two ways about it—Sweet, mellow tobacco—fragrant as a rose—mild as a May morning.

Don't miss this treat any longer—Get a packet of Manikins to-night and you will be delighted you took such good advice.

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Hannen Swaffer Looks at LIFE

"Then my friend Marconi was engaged in his earlier experiments . . . now I have a wireless in my flat"

PEOPLE are "people" nowadays—individuals, brains, instead of the machines they were a quarter of a century ago.

They have reached out for freedom, and won it. They have demanded more ease and comfort, and the ease and comfort now are theirs.

In 1906, there were a few "Bohemians" left, people who stayed up all night and wore long whiskers and ill-kempt clothes.

Now freedom does not have to express itself in all-night drinking. Even youth discusses, quite freely, the problems of sex—birth-control, yes, even "trial marriages."

It is a much better world.

Yet once-great titles have been impoverished; peers have become limited companies to avoid death duties; large estates have been broken up or sold.

Gainsborough's "Blue Boy" and scores of framed heirlooms have gone to America, there to spread a culture for which 150,000,000 yearn. Costly manuscripts and first editions have followed them.

Sir Shop-Assistant, Bart.

In that quarter of a century, the United States has become the most powerful force in the world since the days when the Romans washed off our woad.

Domestic servants have been enfranchised, been given some of the evenings off enjoyed by their sisters in the factories.

Shop-assistants have a respected position, nowadays. You can be a lord's son, and serve at Selfridge's—yes, and go with your boss to a fight.

Twenty-five years ago to-day the rising of the sun started a day of slavery for most of the people of the world.

The young man who came to fix my automatic telephone, the other week, was the son of a taxi-driver, earning his living in his holidays so that the rest of the time he could study at the University of London, maintained by scholarships, for a B.Sc.!

Twenty-five years ago there were no taxicabs, and telephones were comparatively unknown. Now, you can telephone to Bombay or Hollywood!

Nearly all the young waiters who attend me, nowadays, are English. In 1906 they were all Italians, or Germans, or French.

I have a wireless in my flat, and so has the humblest cottager in the smallest village. Twenty-five years ago, my friend Marconi was engaged in his early experiments. Now, my sister, in what was German East Africa then, can hear, on her wireless, at night, the sound of Big Ben.

My young sisters all have votes, and so has my maid, whereas, in 1906, the fight for the vote had not even been planned. Mrs. Pankhurst was almost unheard of. Now, her brave work over, she is dead, buried and forgotten.

Newspapers, in those days, did not cater for women. Picture papers were only just starting.

I have addressed prisoners, quite recently, in Wormwood Scrubs, where Sybil Thorndike has recited Shakespeare, and where I have attended a concert in a chapel.

Twenty-five years ago, a few humane prison governors were arguing for reform, but that was all. Now, there is a serious attempt to redeem the criminal.

In 1906, the soldier was despised, kept in the four-ale bar, recruited from the unemployed. Now, he can wear mufti when on leave. He is taught a trade, and he can even sit in the stalls of a West End theatre.

"I got drunk—"

In 1906, women had no place in industry, unless they were actresses, women doctors, who were looked down on, or teachers, who were underpaid. Now . . .

In those days, barmaids were slaves working from six in the morning until half-past twelve at night, and if, at one o'clock in the morning, you walked through Piccadilly Circus, it was full of drunken men. Now, you seldom see an intoxicated person. In those days, I used to get drunk myself.

Then the music-hall, now on its last legs, was at the height of its glory. Will Rogers, then unknown, was appearing at the Palace Theatre, twenty-five years ago to-night, with a horse. He had not then perfected the lassoo work, with which he made his name before he became the highest-paid after-dinner speaker in the world.

"The Royal Wedd[illegible] etc., on The Bioscope," it said, at the end of the Palace programme.

The bioscope showed then almost the only moving pictures that there were in the world, whereas to-day you can see a talking play, with a star paid £2,000 a week, thrown on the screen in the smallest town, while, in Paris, in the same studio, they are making pictures in the languages of every country in Europe except Russia and Turkey!

"The Royal Wedding" announced on the bioscope was that of the King and Queen of Spain, who now are deposed, as is the King of Portugal, the Kaiser, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Greece and the monarchs, indeed, of nearly every country in the world except in Italy, where the King is only the shadow of a Man, and in the great democracies of Great Britain and Scandinavia and Holland, Roumania just remains.

How long will those go on? As long as they interpret the people's will—no longer.

Vast tracts of London have disappeared. There is a new Regent Street, and nearly a new Trafalgar Square. Horses have almost gone from the streets.

Penny luxury

The Underground Railway, then a blind, sleepy mole, has become the most perfect system of travel in the world, while, on the London streets, there are penny 'buses which are almost like Rolls-Royces in their luxury and quietness.

* * *

War was one of the world's proudest trades. You saw organ-grinders, with monkeys, in the streets, and men with performing bears, and German bands.

Children knew who Guy Fawkes was, whereas now on November 5 they dress up like Charlie Chaplin or in women's skirts.

Nowadays, London has almost only one Punch and Judy show left, and they nearly sold the dog.

There were no all-night restaurants in London in 1906, and there were no cabarets. Night clubs were merely something in Soho to which foreigners went.

Now, at a so-called night club, you see people like Lord Beatty and the Earl of Dudley having supper at the table next to music-hall stars and jockeys.

The Punjab Frontier Force Dinner Club had a dinner twenty-five years ago to-night, with Lord Roberts in the chair. Now, there are hundreds of regimental dinners, which civilians attend. A little event like the Punjab march is forgotten, because of Ypres, Gallipoli, Jutland and the Somme.

The Star and Garter, twenty-five years ago a dining-place to which you drove down in a hansom-cab, is now full of poor shattered men, unluckier than the million which died for Britain because military might and proud dominion had to be destroyed, and so that you and I could think freely, say what we like, and become the citizens of a new great world in which, one day, all people will be equal and truly free.

—make the most of the season's fruits this way

Energy to enjoy outdoor sports—vigour to polish off the day's work in hottest weather—get them and keep them this delightful way.

At least one meal a day should include Shredded Wheat with the season's fruits. The crinkly Shredded Wheat balances and blends with fruit to perfection and makes an ideal summer meal, nourishing and sustaining, but light for warm weather.

Whole wheat, kernel, bran and germ, contains in right proportions the elements necessary for growth and strength besides the regulative bran. Shredded Wheat is nothing more nor less than whole wheat in its most digestible form, and specially suitable to serve with fruit, as it provides the proper bulk and "roughage" to ensure normal digestion.

Take all the advantage you can of glorious Summer fruits. You will find the combination with Shredded Wheat delicious, and reap the benefit in vigorous health all through the Summer.

The morning meal for all-day energy

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The *new* Underwood Portable! Have you seen it? The best portable typewriter we have yet produced! The best the world has produced! An amazing machine, possessing all the qualities that have made the name Underwood universally renowned, that have made the Underwood Portable so popular among business men, professional men and their families . . . . plus *many new features.*

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"May I congratulate you for putting on the market such an excellent Tobacco as Rubicon. Myself and friends whom I have got to try it are delighted with it .... May its demand exceed your expectations."—(Signed) J. S. of Edgbaston.
(Original may be seen on request.)

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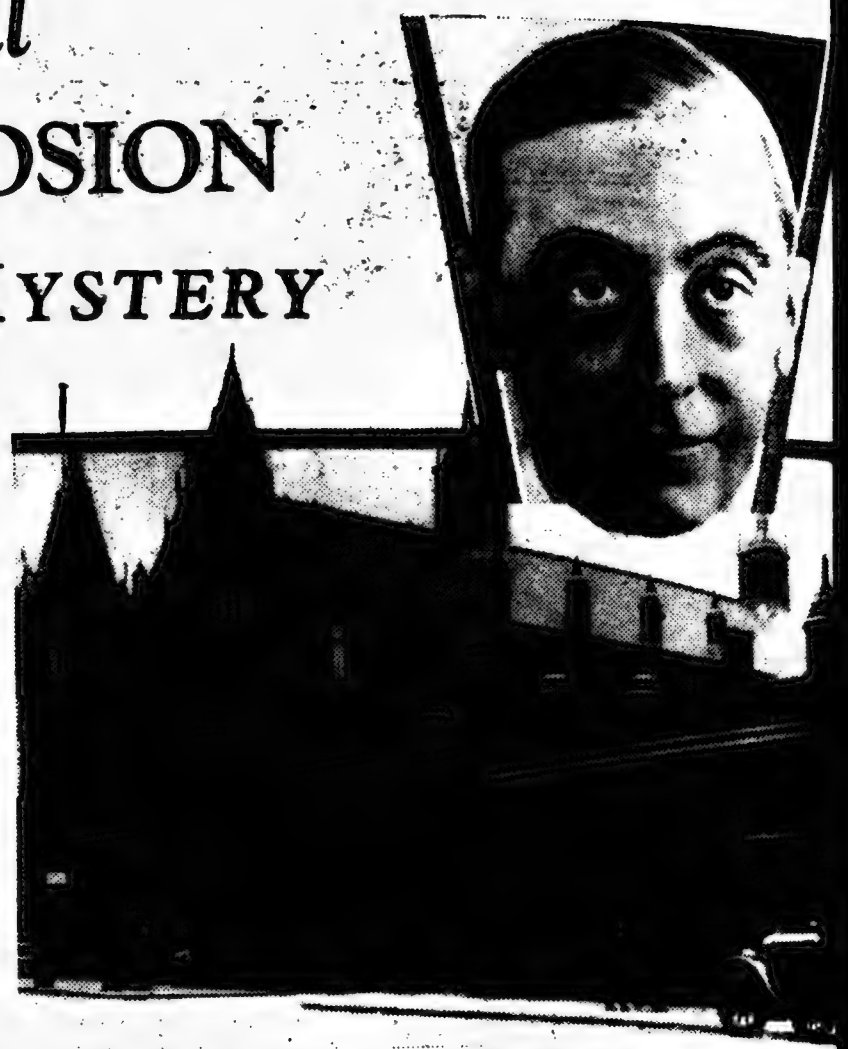
Hospital EXPLOSION MYSTERY

Our Searchlight on a Hospital Accident



Birmingham General Hospital and the Rt. Hon. A. Greenwood, Minister of Health, to whom we commend these facts

WIDE publicity has been given to the case of a man who died on the operating-table at Birmingham General Hospital as the result of an explosion.

Such an accident is in itself remarkable enough, but we had knowledge of three previous explosions which put the matter in a very grave light.

Dissatisfied with the inquest verdict, JOHN BULL instigated special investigations.

The result enables us to tell a remarkable story—one which calls for immediate investigation by the Ministry of Health.

The man was Samuel Thomas Bullock, aged sixty, a Coventry motor-fitter, who was suffering from that dread disease, cancer.

He was first seen on March 8 by Mr. E. Musgrave Woodman, F.R.C.S., an honorary surgeon at the hospital, who operated on him to take away some of the pressure on the throat caused by the growth.

The man improved for a time, but on April 15 it was decided to perform a further operation.

To illuminate the throat, it was necessary to use an electric light shaped like a pencil. While this light was in use there was a violent explosion in the patient's mouth.

THERE has been considerable difference of opinion as to the actual cause of the explosion, but a fact that cannot be disputed is that an anæsthetic of ether vapour, chloroform and oxygen was used.

It is elementary chemistry to point out that ether is the most inflammable of all fluids, but it may not be widely known that its explosive propensities are greatly increased by the addition of oxygen.

Why, then, was such an anæsthetic used?

At the inquest Mr. Woodman said they never used ether "when there is a lighted mouth," and had he known it was being used in this case he would have stopped the operation.

Mr. Woodman also stated that there was a definite rule in the hospital that chloroform only was to be used in such cases. This rule was presumed to be widely known and the nature of Bullock's operation was posted up.

Despite this rule, we find that a woman anæsthetist made a remarkable admission.

Dr. Helen Scott Mason began with the administration of a mixture of chloroform and ether.

DR. PHYLLIS PADDOCK, who continued the giving of the anæsthetic, admitted to the coroner that she knew a light was to be used in the operation, and that Mr. Woodman preferred chloroform in such circumstances.

She changed to chloroform alone just before the pencil light was brought into use, and cut off the ether.

Dr. Paddock also made the statement that she was aware of the possibility of vapour getting through the tube. She said she had no definite i structions as to the use of ether, b she knew Mr. Woodman's wishes.

Several questions were put with t object of discovering the actual cau of the explosion and various sugge tions were made, but we say quite d finitely that the point which shou have been dwelt upon far more ful was the fact that a vital rule w broken and a man died as the resu

Even the medical evidence was co tradictory.

Mr. Woodman said that the remov of the growth was out of the quest and the only possible operation wi "just a vestige of hope" was th which he was performing.

Dr. Gore, called on behalf of the ho pital authorities, attributed death cancer, with the wound in the thro as a "contributory cause."

On the other hand, Professor Ha well Wilson, who made a *post-morte* examination, said flatly that dea was due to putrid bronchitis rath than the cancerous growth. T growth, he said, had a reasonab chance of treatment.

This famous expert also remark that the wound in the throat w caused by the explosion, and appe ances suggested that the flame h travelled down the bronchial tree.

To say the least, it is disquieting find that recent years have seen least three other explosions at th hospital.

ON November 1, 1923, some gas a oxygen became ignited; December 17, 1929, some eth was ignited by an open gas-jet, and June 2, last year, there was another.

In the latest tragedy it is clear th but for the extraordinary misunde standing between various offic there could have been no explosion all.

It is surely a most disquieting thi that, although it was known th the hospital surgeon wanted o chloroform to be used, his wishes we ignored with such fatal results.

The verdict of "Accidental death will hardly satisfy the public, in vi of the history of previous explosions Birmingham General Hospital.

The coroner himself stated that so definite steps must be taken to preve similar occurrences, and we comme the facts to the Minister of Health the fullest investigation.

The Human Machine

Never Too Late

IT is never too late to begin. If you think you are "past it," take a look at Miss Grace Stebbing. She has been an author and a journalist for the greater part of her life. She has published seventy books and thousands of Press articles.

At one period of her career she was an occasional correspondent for thirteen papers, and a regular correspondent for six periodicals.

Now she is in her ninety-first year, and is busy with a new novel.

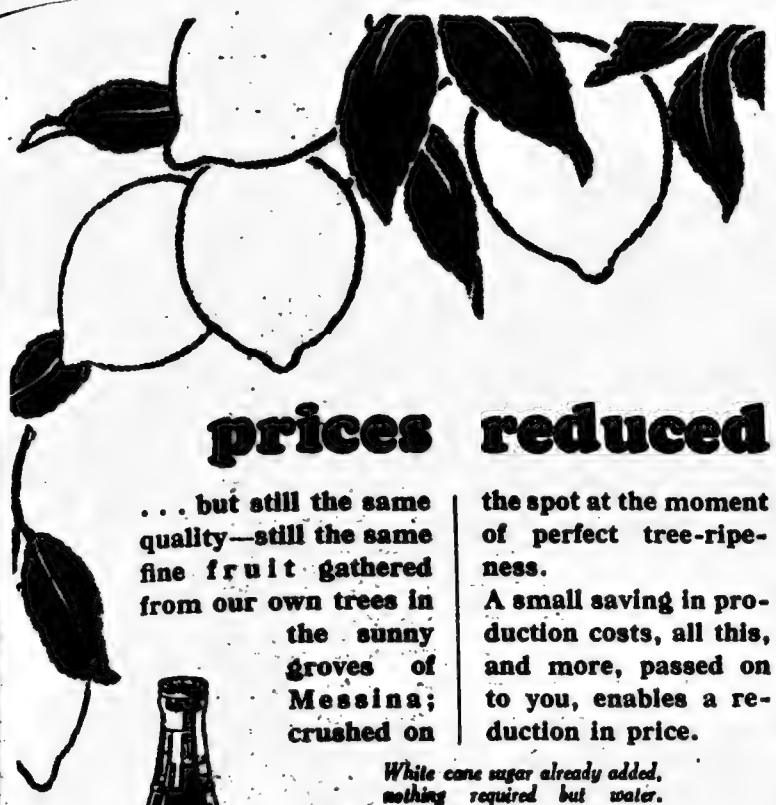
Her record of a busy life would alone put many a younger person to shame; her energy and initiative to-day would challenge any one.

The fact is there is always time to start something new. "The next time the wireless sounds the signal and gives the correct time," said someone the other day, "it will be time to do good—time to break a bad habit and to begin to form a good habit; time to begin planning for some noble action that will result in the enrichment of life for yourself and others; time to quit shirking and to start working."

Those who think it's too late, who think they're too old, who imagine that it's no use trying, have got flabby minds. They lack ambition, they lack purpose, they lack will-power.

The recipe for a happy life is to be busy; the secret of a successful life is to go on being busy to the very end.

"Invincible determination is what is needed," said a wise man once; "a fixed determination—then victory or death. And no two-legged creature can be a success without it."



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Millions of people are permanently harming teeth and gums by believing a dentifrice can do the work of a dentist.

Beware of extravagant promises to cure sensitive gums . . . or permanently correct mouth acidity. All such disorders demand the care of a dentist or physician . . . not a dentifrice. The only function of a dentifrice is to clean teeth.

Colgate's does *not* claim to do more. But it does claim to clean more thoroughly. When you brush with Colgate's, you are certain every part of a tooth is reached, because of the penetrating ability of Colgate's cleansing foam.

We will gladly send you a week's supply of Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream free. Simply address Colgate's, Ranelagh Rd., London, S.W.1

Made in England

1/= LARGE SIZE

BLUE LABEL

FYFFES BRAND BANANAS

Doctors recommend Bananas for health & nutriment

A world-famous physician described the ripe banana as being "a food fruit containing, in an agreeable form, all the essential elements of nutrition." No other fruit gives you so much for so little money. In addition, the fully ripe banana is easily digested.

To get the very best of bananas, say Fyffes and look for the Blue Label. Fyffes Bananas are perfectly ripened, perfect in flavour, perfectly wholesome, always.

ELDER & FYFFES, LTD.

Hurrah! the water is always hot now

These youngsters. How on earth do they get so dirty? They need more hot water than anyone else in the house.....

Make certain that your children have a hot bath every day. For hot water gets dirt right out of the skin, refreshes after exercise and promotes good health.

Don't think that the luxury of an up-to-date hot water service is beyond your means. *You can afford to use gas.* There is a gas water heater to suit your home, to supply steaming hot water wherever and whenever it is needed. The service is unfailing; the cost extraordinarily low.

* * *

You may live in a flat, bungalow, house or mansion. Your family may be large or small. Their habits of life may necessitate an abundant or a moderate supply of hot water. Whatever the circumstances *there is* a modern gas water heater to suit your home. Your gas undertaking will gladly advise and help you without obligation. Why not consult them now!

GAS

THE PREMIER FUEL FOR WATER HEATING

SEND FOR THIS 12 PAGE BROCHURE

Write to the address below for your free copy of a 12 page brochure in which the new methods of heating water by gas are described and illustrated. There are no showrooms at the offices of the British Commercial Gas Association, but you should be sure to visit your local gas showrooms.

The British Commercial Gas Association
28 Grosvenor Gardens, LONDON, S.W.1

A Golden Glad Hand

A Yeoman of the Tower of London entertains French ex-soldiers. Right: German students on the steps of the National Gallery

IT looks at last as though we were really going to wake up and tell the world that this country is worth visiting and worth spending a holiday in.

In a few months a Bill will become law which will enable local authorities to contribute up to ½d. rate to some central organisation approved by the Minister of Health.

Its duty will be to collect information with regard to the historic, scenic, recreational and climatic attractions of this country, and spread such information abroad.

In other words, we are at last going in for some real national publicity.

It is time we made a definite effort in this direction, for few people realise that the tourist industry in this country employs over 350,000 people. It compares with industries like iron and steel, wool and hosiery.

Clearly such a huge business deserves some backing in the way of publicity.

Up to date, all we have done has been through the British Travel Association, started a few years ago by the Department of Overseas Trade.

Broadcasting our charms

This body, without much money, with no encouragement, and in a rather official, desultory manner, has endeavoured to attract people—mostly Americans—to these shores.

Recently it has been a little more active. It has opened offices in New York, Berlin, Paris and Buenos Ayres, and it has prepared a calendar of events in this country, covering the whole year, which has been printed in four languages, and which is being distributed throughout the world.

It is now possible for a prospective visitor to Britain, before he sets sail from his own shores, to know for every day in the year exactly what he may expect to find in the way of interesting functions, what is going on in the way of sport, music, art, or whatever his inclinations lead him to look for.

The association is also arranging to broadcast the attractions of Britain through no fewer than 300 broadcasting-stations in the United States.

In addition to this work, films have also been made and exhibited in other countries, particularly in South America, which have for their object the attraction to these shores of foreign business men.

How valuable to a country a well-organised push for tourist traffic may be can be seen from the fact that France estimates that every year her visitors spend not less than £100,000,000 in that country.

We ourselves are getting on. The Travel Association estimates that at least 200,000 visitors from all over the world are coming to take their holidays in England this summer.

We're their tailors

It is estimated that while they are here they will spend at least £20,000,000, mostly on fares, hotel accommodation, luxuries and clothes.

Any number of women who used to go to Paris for their dresses now come to London for them, and few American men return home without taking with them half-a-dozen suits.

Visitors from the Colonies and the Dominions also take the opportunity of a visit to England to re-stock their wardrobes.

There is no doubt whatever that a prosperous tourist season means a lot to this country in the way of increased employment.

But an enormous amount of this energy, initiative and expenditure will be almost completely nullified unless we back it up by removing the thousand and one pettifogging and puritanical restrictions that swathe our holiday resorts more tightly than swaddling-clothes swathe a baby.

After all, if we invite the world to make holiday in Britain, the world has a right to expect that when it is here it will be able to enjoy itself.

As it is, most of our visitors make unfavourable and unflattering comparisons with the Continent—and far too often, depart there with some haste.

Visitors, particularly American visitors, do not want to be treated like naughty children; still less do they want to feel that from morning till night they are in charge of a stern Victorian aunt.

The "Come to Britain" movement should be accompanied by a vigorous "Brighter Britain" movement.

Britain is worth advertising, and worth advertising well. There are not many countries in the world that have the astonishing richness and immense variety of scenery that we have within such a small compass.

We have sea and mountain, town and villages saturated with history, the best roads in the world, and something that no other country in the world has—the lanes and hedgerows of a unique countryside.

To see ourselves

Now that local authorities can levy a small rate for publicity purposes—money that will come back to them a thousand times over in the increased trade brought by visitors—we should get ahead with national publicity far quicker than we have been doing.

For, clearly, a body like the Travel Association, backed up as it is by the Government and by our Ambassadors and Consuls abroad, can do a great deal more, and do it much more effectively, than any local authority could do by itself.

It is to be hoped, too, that local authorities will take some trouble to advertise Britain to Britons.

The Americans are never tired of urging their countrymen to "See America First." So far we have never as a nation yet tried the effect of a publicity campaign urging people to "See Britain First."

The result is that thousands of people know more of France and Belgium than they do of their own country.

Making it pay

Purely as a result of advertising by the Travel Association we had 4,600 more visitors from America last year—despite the financial depression in that country—than we had in 1929.

And that all meant more money, more trade, and consequently more employment.

In advertising Britain to the rest of the world we have a first-class article to sell; and, properly handled, the expenditure on that advertising will recoup itself many times over.

Silver Screens for Everybody!

SOMETHING delightfully up-to-date happened in the film world the other day. It was the first appearance of the weekly *Picturegoer*. It is the next best thing to having a silver screen in your own home—it brings filmdom to your doorstep.

The *Picturegoer* is the most modern, the best-printed screen magazine in the country—and it costs only twopence. Every page is in art photogravure.

There are dozens of bright pictures; gossip about your favourite stars, stories and serials. An interesting competition, exclusive articles and interviews, too—a full programme of entertainment about the greatest entertainment on earth. Get your copy now!

The best puddings

are the old-fashioned steamed dumplings and suet puddings that our grandmothers used to make; only the trouble of chopping suet is all saved by

Hugon's

'ATORA'

The Good BEEF SUET

All the richness and nourishment, without any of the waste and moisture in raw suet, are retained in this perfected Beef Suet.

"ATORA" contains no preservative.

Sold at all first-class Grocers, in 2d. packets, and 4-oz., 8-oz., and 16-oz. cartons. Write for our free booklet of nearly 100 tested recipes; they are good ones.

HUGON & CO., LTD., Openshaw, MANCHESTER.
The originators of Refined Beef Suet.

The DUNLOP MAGNUM CYCLE TYRE

DUNLOP MAGNUM PRICE

Cover - - -	10/6
Tube - - -	3/9

possesses an unusual liveliness. The black cover has an exceptionally stout tread of tough, long mileage rubber. The deep black colour materially enhances the appearance of any machine to which the tyre is fitted, particularly when chromium plated rims are used.

The saddle for heavy riders

L. 500.
Size of seat, 10¾" x 8¼"

Enamelled - - -	11/6
Plated - - - -	12/6

◆

L. 501.
Size of seat, 11½" x 9"

Enamelled - - -	12/6
Plated - - - -	13/6

There is a Dunlop Waterproof Saddle to suit every rider. The model illustrated is particularly suitable for heavy riders. It has a double loop front, stranded spiral rear springs and six-wire girder bracket.

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Branches throughout the World.
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Measure yourself in the privacy of your home. No risk of failure whatever.

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is behind the Barry Service. Hence the following unique and unparalleled guarantee:—We forfeit 2/6 more than you pay if we fail to fit you from self-measures.

WE FIT YOU BY POST

Send for FREE Patterns

The choicest collection of patterns ever assembled is yours for the asking. Tweeds, Worsteds, Serges, Flannels, Vicunas, etc. All at greatly reduced prices.

SCOTTISH WOOLLEN
GUARANTEED ALL WOOL
SCOTCH SPORTS SUIT
Made to your measures 55/-

POST THIS COUPON (J.B.)
In half-penny envelope. There is no obligation to place an order.
(Our only address)
To S. A. BARRY & CO., LTD.,
26, CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1.
Please send, without obligation, your latest Patterns, self-measure chart, and fashion book of latest London styles.
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

The Ideal Holiday Coat

The BARRY MILITAIRE

A £4:4:0 All Weather Coat in Latest Putty Shade or Navy Blue for 21/- POST PAID TO YOUR ADDRESS

Overseas Postage 3/6 extra. Cash with Order.

The "MILITAIRE" is made in fine, reliable, super-spun Cloth, with storm-defiant "PARA-BAR" interproofing and elegant camel shade lining throughout, thus forming a thoroughly reliable three-ply coat. Absolutely impervious to rain, sleet or hail.

Cut with full, ample skirt, deep storm collar. No dressier or more sportsmanlike coat was ever produced. Ideal in all climates.

The "Militaire" is equally dressy in dry weather as in wet weather.

Post us your remittance for 21/- for this ideal Coat, giving us your height and size round chest, over waistcoat. State whether Navy Blue or Putty Shade preferred.

Or Sent "CASH ON DELIVERY" anywhere in Great Britain. You pay the Postman.

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(J.B. Dept.) 26 CITY ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1
OUR ONLY ADDRESS. WE HAVE NO BRANCHES.

"JOHN BULL" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

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Golden Shred . . . is orange juice and sugar

Thats why— your child's Bread needs

'Golden Shred'

ROBERTSON—only maker

DO YOU ENJOY THE PLEASURES OF GOOD HEALTH

Eminent doctors have recently emphasized, and the Press has endorsed, the value and necessity of the **DAILY GARGLE** as an aid to health. Most diseases are contracted through the mouth, and if complete health is to be enjoyed, it is as necessary to keep the mouth clean and free from germs as it is to wash the hands and face.

SANITAS FLUID CONTAINS PEROXIDE OF HYDROGEN and THYMOL, and is the ideal mouth wash and gargle. It kills germs instantly, and has a pleasant flavour.

GARGLE DAILY WITH SANITAS FLUID

(ONE PART SANITAS TO FOUR PARTS WATER)

CHILDREN should be taught to gargle with Sanitas Fluid every morning and evening as a preventive of **Pyorrhœa, Colds, Influenza, Measles** and many other complaints.

SEND FOR A FREE SAMPLE.

COUPON.

To The Sanitas Co., Ltd., Limehouse, E.14.
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B.2. .....

REAL LIFE STORIES — *by Famous Authors*

It Might have been MURDER

"It would have been easy to dope you, follow you later . . ."

by VICTOR MACCLURE

WHEN the small man shoved against me in the Puerto del Sol, I knew it was done intentionally. A lot of excitement was prevailing in Madrid over the fall of the dictatorship; but I wasn't having any of that sort of thing, so I gripped him hard by the collar and spun him round to tell him just what I thought of him. And I found an old acquaintance grinning up at me—Charlie Gow.

"Number Two!" I said.

"Whatcha mean, 'Number Two'?" asked Charlie.

"Don't they say if you stand for half an hour in the Puerto you'll see three people you know? Well, you're the second I've bumped into in ten minutes."

"Huh!" sneered Charlie. "Fall for that bunk, do you? They say the same in Piccadilly, an' the Madeleine, an' the Kaiserplatz. Wait a minute, an' you'll see Number Three."

"Expecting someone, then?"

"Bill Trimmer."

That rather made me stare. The last time I had run into Charlie—in Port Said some five years before—he had refused altogether to talk of his one-time inseparable companion, big Bill Trimmer.

Bill, I gathered, had done something to Charlie that had made the little man lust for blood.

I let Charlie lead me into the Bar Inglés and introduce me to a nice, natural sherry. Some time later in drifted Tiny Trimmer, looking more like the side of a house than ever. He gave Charlie a very casual nod, but held out a large paw to me.

"'Lo, Mac!" he said, in his ghost of a voice, quite unmoved by our meeting after eight years. "*Que tal?*"

Whether it was the Fino Gaditano I had imbibed while waiting with Charlie, or an odd reaction to Tiny's casualness, I don't know, but I rath expanded on what I was doing Madrid and on my fortunes general

The pair let me go on for a wh then began to exchange glanc These I interpreted as meaning th they had exhausted their interest me and were only waiting for me go. I took it that they had affairs their own to discuss.

When, however, suggested leavi them, they would hear of it. It seem that the one thi they did not w was to be left alo together.

There was pe between them. they wouldn't have been so casual w each other, but the truce in some seemed to be badly patched.

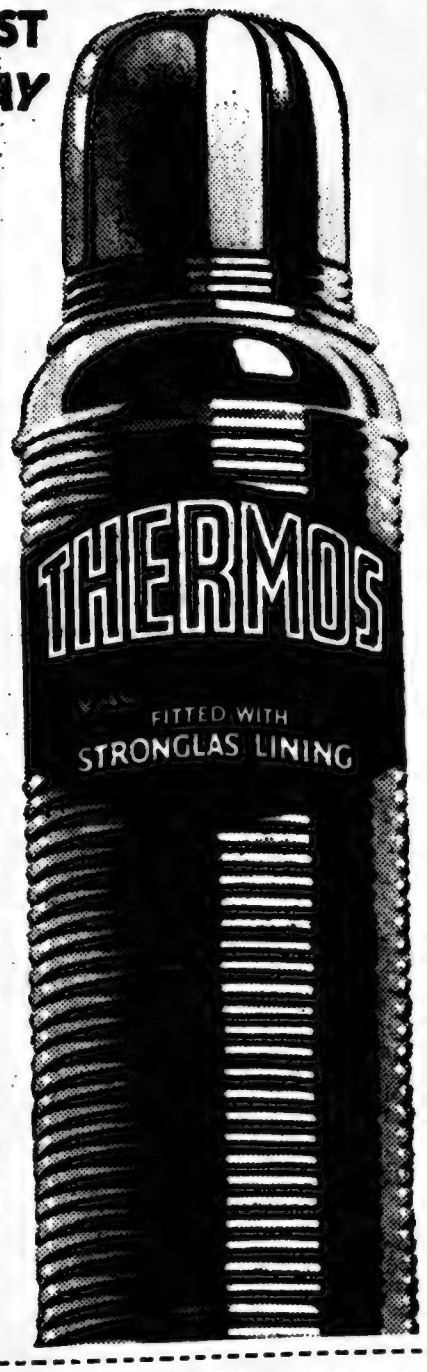
My instincts as a writer w thoroughly aroused. I stood by.

For some hours after we left Bar Inglés the pair dragged me fr

(*Continued on page* 30)

WHEN JOHN BULL FIRST STARTED.....

THERMOS FLASKS COST £1·1·0 EACH...TODAY



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The first vacuum flask ever sold was a "Thermos." The finest you can buy to-day is still—"Thermos." The same name, but what a difference! Reduced 88% in price. Fitted with shock-proof, almost smash-proof patent lining. Keeps hot drinks hot 24 hours and cold drinks cold 3 days. Progress! Benefit by it . . .

No. 28 Corrugated canister in Red, Blue, Green or Brown. Aluminium shoulder and cup, fitted with folding handle. Pint size, 2/6, Quart size, 4/6.

No. 06 The finest flask that money can buy. Beautifully designed and heavily nickel plated. Years of service guaranteed. Pint size, 12/6, Quart size, 16/6. AND MANY OTHER MODELS.

The glass used in "Thermos" flasks has been approved as being the highest standard and perfect purity by the National Physical Laboratory and the Public Analysts.

PERFECT TEA FROM A THERMOS

The "Thermos" Tea Infuser is the only satisfactory means of making tea in a vacuum flask. Price 1/-, with full instructions, from all dealers. Look for this display carton on the counter.

THERMOS (1925) LTD.

45, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2.

"Just like a cold cream massage!"

"Yes, Joan . . . . . I'm bright and early this morning for once in a way. And feeling fine, positively lyrical. Just found a new Shaving Cream . . . . . Gibbs! Wonderful! Swift as a swallow—slick as a squirrel—smooth as silk. And there's Cold Cream in it . . . . . delicious—just like a cold cream massage."

But what does a woman know of these things? It takes a man to enthuse over Gibbs Shaving Cream. The way it multiplies itself 200-fold in a heavy creamy lather that stays moist. The joy of the razor—displaying unaccustomed keenness—purring merrily through the unresisting beard. The swiftness of it—the economy. And this British Shaving Cream never varies—winter or summer. Always ready for perfect shaving. Buy a full-sized tube to-day or let us send you a generous trial tube.

Gibbs Shaving Cream

In Tubes 1/- and 1/6

SEND THIS COUPON

for 10-day trial tube To D. & W. Gibbs, Ltd. (Dept. 1911), City Soap Works, London, E.1.
I'd like to try your new Shaving Cream. Please send me a free trial tube. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

FREE!

It would be a sheer extravagance to offer this costly sample, if we were not confident that Gibbs Shaving Cream will surprise and delight you. Send the Coupon now, while you think of it.

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For
TONE VALUE
from your Records use
KIRBITONE

and save the irritating scratch and wooliness inseparable from imperfect needles. Your Record Dealer will supply.

Made in England by:
KIRBY BEARD & Co., Ltd.,
Birmingham, London & Redditch.
Needle Makers since 1743.

Says everybody "The Good Thing" is

BIRD'S CUSTARD

BIRD'S is best—and best with fruit.

Here is THE KEY to a Home of your Own!

ARE YOU one of the many people paying to live in another man's house? Resolve now to be finished with rent books for ever.

Purchase your house by easy instalments, and move in at once. This 46-year-old Society enables you to own your house *NOW*.

Ample funds available for service in London, Home and Southern Counties.

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A simple, safe and straightforward plan. No financial inconvenience.

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4½% FREE OF INCOME TAX on Shares. 4% on Deposits.
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STERLING BARGAIN
1/6 'BROADWAY' SPRING Tweed Coat
New

This is a coat of character and the correct style for the new season. It has the fashionable large storm collar and bold revere. The slightly shaped back, and all-round belt on natural waist-line give a slimming effect to suit every figure. This model is produced in fine quality Tweed in neat check design. Lined throughout Art Silk at the bargain price of 16/11 for cash within seven days of order or 3/6 a month until 17/11 is paid. Colours: Fawn/Brown Mixture. Grey/Blue Mixture. Lengths: 38", 40", 42", 44", 46". (O.S. 2/6 extra). No more to pay for a month. At our Regent Street Showrooms we have a large range of Bargain Offers.

BARGAIN COUPON. 6.28
Send on Approval above Coat
Length..... Colour.....
I enclose 1/6 deposit and 9d. to cover postage and packing. I will pay balance of price by instalments of 3/6 a month or more. If I am dissatisfied and return the coat unworn at once you will refund my deposit. I enclose full name and address and Postal Order crossed / /.

Price 16/11

Dept. 27 John Sterling
Sterling Value for your Money
Triumph House, 189 Regent Street, London, W.1

ASTHMA

Sufferers from Asthma find instant relief in this standard remedy of 60 years standing.

4/6 a tin at all chemists.

HIMROD'S Asthma Cure

It Might Have Been Murder!—Continued from page 28

café to café up and down the Call de Alcalá and the Gran Via.

Ultimately, I got tired of this foot-slogging, and, thinking to hit their tastes and so get them anchored, I led them to a low-down cabaret on the old Call de la Aduana.

All through the evening conversation had been desultory, but after some time in the cabaret I took notice that the pair were talking at each other through me. I didn't like that a bit.

"Look here, you two," I said at last. "If you want to hit each other, chuck the pelota direct; you've bounced it off me long enough. If you're pals again, be pals! If you've got anything on your chests, get it off—quick! You're spoiling my evening!"

The pair stared at me, then at one another.

"Right!" Charlie said suddenly. "What I say is: between Bill and me, one of us is a liar. An' it isn't me!"

I got ready for a rumpus at that, but Tiny took it calmly.

"One of us is a liar—yes," he said in that shadowy voice of his; "but I'll swear it isn't me!"

"Meaning that it's me?" Gow demanded notly.

"Stop a bit!" I put in. "What sort of dead-end's this? Neither of you is a liar by habit, and neither would be scared to tell the other the truth. Can't you give a fellow a bit of information?"

"If Bill didn't shove knock-out drops into my drink an' hop off with the dough," said Charlie, "I'd like to know who did?"

"Intriguing, but still not very informative," said I. "Where did this happen?"

Charlie looked enquiringly at Tiny, and Tiny nodded.

"TELL Mac," he said. "Mebbe he'll see daylight. I'm damned if I can."

"It was in Zanzibar, then," Charlie began. "Bill an' me had hopped over there from Dar-es-Salaam. Been up to Kilmatinde, lookin' round. We weren't broke, but we wanted a passage to Durban—only, there was just enough for one of us to do it.

"Right! Bill an' me was in the 'Four Seasons' tea-house—you know, in the Street of Partings—an' I was holdin' the money, as usual, in my belt. Well—somebody slips something into my drink. I went to sleep. An' when I woke up the money'd been took off me, an' Bill had gone——"

I have to compress the story. It abounds in hints that would make one go off on side-issues. What I make of it, in gist, is this:

Trimmer said that he, too, was doped. I fancy he came to himself before Charlie, but, while still dazed by the drug, took only a casual look round the place, couldn't find his partner, and went off to look for him round Zanzibar.

Charlie woke up later. Bill had failed to find him because he had rolled under a settee. Charlie looked around for Bill, but found he had left the tea-house. The geishas had not seen him go.

Then Charlie missed the money-belt, and he reluctantly, unbelievingly, came to the conclusion that Bill had taken it to pay for a single passage to Durban on a freighter that sailed that afternoon.

Meaning to confront Bill and "tell him off," Charlie stowed away on the freighter just before she cast off. Meantime, Bill got back to the "Four Seasons" looking for Charlie.

He also came to the conclusion, ultimately, that his partner had dished him in order to get to Durban on the money. Bill arrived at the harbour just in time to see the steamer sail out of it.

For five years after that the pair chased each other up and down half the world. It was an intermittent chase, because at times it had to be relinquished so that money could be earned for taking it up again.

As time went on, each became more firmly convinced that the other had done him. Hunting each other as they were, it seemed to both that the other was giving him a wide berth.

They came together, of all places, on earth, in Tarragona, in Spain. Bill Trimmer heard in Malaga that Charlie Gow had been seen in Barcelona. In Barcelona, Charlie heard that Bill was in Malaga.

Bill, low in funds, took passage for Barcelona in a slow boat. Charlie, flush at the moment, got into a quick one for Malaga. Their ships met at Tarragona.

There might have been a fight when the two men met on the wharf. Charlie confessed that if he'd had a gun he would have "plugged" Tiny on sight. But if he fought Bill barefisted he was certain to be beaten. And Bill knew too well what Spanish prisons were to venture on thrashing Charlie in public.

Read the story of a hidden crime: "The Confessions of Mrs. Muntella," by Fabian Tanner—

Next Week

It was Charlie who suggested meeting on the old Roman aqueduct outside Tarragona. His idea, quite frankly, was to get his erstwhile partner on top of the aqueduct and push him over.

He knew the aqueduct, knew that its parapet was little over knee-high. It would be easy to stumble hard against Bill, and Bill's height would do the rest.

A meeting on the aqueduct suited Trimmer. He had never visited it, but he knew enough of it to realise it was perilously high, and that there were formidable boulders under it.

Just the place, he considered, from which to chuck a dirty little rat who had done the "low-down" on a pal. Easy to make the thing look like an accident.

Charlie took the afternoon omnibus for Santa Creus and was dropped by the rendezvous early. Bill did not discover there was a 'bus until after it had gone. He walked by a mule-track over the hills to the aqueduct, reaching it on the side of the ravine opposite to that reached by Charlie.

CHARLIE had not minded waiting for Bill. The keeper looking after the structure had been inclined to hang about, and before Charlie could shake off this official's attentions he had to make a pretence of taking a path over the hills to Tarragona.

He watched the keeper return to the lodge, then crept back to the centre of the aqueduct and lay down to wait for his victim.

It was nearing sunset, as agreed, when Bill appeared over the hill. The aqueduct is known to the Tarragonese as *"El Puente del Diablo"* (the Devil's Bridge), and I can imagine it standing that evening a very appropriate blood-red in the rays of the declining sun. It has a habit that way, I know.

There crouched Charlie Gow in the middle of the lofty bridge, with black murder in his heart. And there, tramping sturdily down the steep path, came Tiny Trimmer, with the like baleful emotion in his.

Charlie, in the shadow of the parapet, could hardly be seen. He did not stir at Bill's approach. It was going to be much easier than he imagined.

Bill might have come by the keeper's lodge, but this was better. All he had to do was to wait there and spring up at the right moment. A touch, and big Bill would be over.

Charlie hugged the wall and watched. He saw Bill come to the end of the structure and pause to look around. The big man took a few steps along the dry waterway, then seemed to hesitate. The next few steps he took were almost tottering.

HE bent and began to paw the low parapet, sidling along as if he were afraid of the bridge breaking under him. He was nearing the hidden Charlie when suddenly he groaned, crumpled to his knees, and took to crawling.

By this time Charlie's emotions, murderous and otherwise, were completely swamped by amazement. He could not fathom the game Tiny was up to. If the big fellow was not terribly sick, he was a first-class actor. Charlie crouched tensely, until Bill's hand fell fumbling on his foot.

"Charlie!" groaned the big man.

"What's the matter, ya big stiff?"

"Gosh, Charlie—I'm sick. I never used to be like this—but I—I—suddenly can't stand bein' up high. I had to crawl—but I'm still sick. Get me off this for the love of God!"

Well, that spoilt the murder both ways. All Charlie's rancour melted at the sight of his big pal, whose strength he'd always admired, so helpless. He made Bill turn, then supported him back to the hill-path leading to Tarragona.

When Bill had recovered enough they set out for the city, and of course got down to accusation on the way.

"Well, there it is, Mac," said Charlie in the Madrid cabaret. "Bill says he never did the dopin' or took the dough, an' *I* know it wasn't me. You can wash out the singin'-gels and Madame Fleure, as runs the 'Four Seasons.'

"Tarragona was a week ago. We've been together since, an' glad of it. If only Bill would say he done it an' get it over——"

"Or if you'd only say you did it," I interrupted. "Why, you fathead, can't you see that neither of you did it?"

"Who did, then?" they demanded simultaneously.

"You met Gas' Lenoit in Zanzibar that day, didn't you?"

"Gas' Lenoit—yes!" yelped Charlie. "D'ya mean to say he——"

"YOU had a drink with him before you went to the 'Four Seasons'?"

"O' course we did. But you don't mean to say he——?"

"All dopes don't take immediate effect. It would have been easy to dope you, follow you later to the 'Four Seasons.' The geishas wouldn't need to be about when you were fast asleep——"

"How do *you* know Lenoit did it?" they demanded.

"You laughed at me, Charlie, for expecting to see three people I knew in the Puerto del Sol. Well, you were the second I saw. The first was——"

"Lenoit?" Charlie yapped. "An' he told you he'd done us?"

"Well, not exactly," I demurred. "But he said he'd met you both in Zanzibar, and he was grinning to himself over something that had happened there——"

Shortly after that I left the party. Scouring Madrid for Lenoit would do them no harm—but it would be fruitless. You see, Lenoit (a scoundrel, anyhow) had died in Marseilles two months before.

My yarn about meeting him in the Puerto del Sol is the only invention in this story. The first person I met that evening was an inoffensive correspondent of an international Press agency.

I don't know who did the dopin' and robbery. It just happened I remembered Charlie in Port Said mentioning Lenoit as having been in Zanzibar. And I took the risk.

The barrier between those old pals had to be burst somehow. And I don't regret the lie at all when I remember how they left me—arm in arm, and as friendly as if no thought of mutual murder had ever lain between them.

—meet 'Bodger'—

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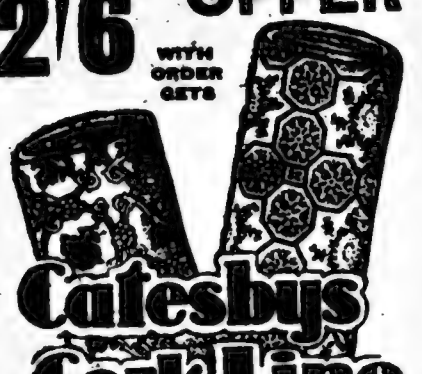

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HUMAN DOCUMENTS

BROUGHT up by my guardian, an elderly, taciturn man, who would never reveal to me any particulars about my parents, I only knew they "had died abroad" and that I had been placed in the charge of their family lawyer.

I was kindly treated and had every luxury necessary to keep up with other girls at the boarding-school where I was sent.

Afterwards, I suppose I found life in my guardian's home dull. Perhaps, in the heedlessness of youth, I did not try to get into close touch or cultivate sympathetic relations. I certainly did not realise how fond of me my elderly guardian had become.

As a result, I fell head over heels in love, before I was well turned twenty, with a young man whom I met at a dance. About his past life I knew nothing, and he said as little as possible about the present.

He talked vaguely of being connected with a firm of racing officials. As I knew the very word would be anathema to my guardian, I kept this information to myself.

MY guardian absolutely refused to entertain the idea of my being engaged when asked to give his consent.

He said—how wisely I now understand—that "no girl should marry until she knew something of the world, and then only to someone whose antecedents were beyond reproach and who had prospects."

He added that he would make full enquiries about the young fellow who attracted me.

This put me in a panic. Dreading the result of what I deemed "a lot of silly questionings," I ran away and got married.

My dream of delirious happiness was short-lived. After only a few days of married life, spent in lodgings, my husband was arrested, with several accomplices, on a charge of burglary, and sentenced to a term of hard labour.

Heartbroken, and with just four pennies between myself and starvation, I gradually pawned all my belongings until I found work. Pride forbade any appeal to my guardian.

My baby, a boy, was born, and I nearly lost my life. I struggled on, and it was whilst engaged at the only work I could get—office-cleaning—that one day I met my guardian.

The meeting was tragic in its intensity, and I then realised what sorrow I had brought to the man who brought me up. He told me that he was wealthy, that he possessed far more money than ever I, or indeed others, suspected.

AND all at once I knew the secret of his having lived almost as a recluse. He had loved my mother, and on her death had accepted the charge of her child to bring up as his daughter and heiress.

This he says will still hold good, but only on one condition—I must never see my husband again. I must go back to his home, with my child, and wait in the hope of obtaining evidence enough to gain a divorce.

But, strange though it may appear, I still passionately love my husband. Were it not for my son I would wait for the day of his release to try and make a new start and help him back to straight paths.

This is what love suggests, but have I any right to follow my heart when my head tells me that by doing so I am robbing my son of a splendid inheritance?

"HUMANIST" says: Your guardian did his utmost to save you from a disastrous marriage, and, now that he is prepared to take you and your child back to his home, you cannot blame him for trying once more to protect you against yourself.

For your own sake as well as your little son's, I think you should accept your guardian's conditions.

Persuade him, if you can, to give your husband a chance of honest work when he comes out of jail. If your husband then makes good, I feel sure your guardian will change his attitude.

DARK LADY'S

dark thoughts

THOUGH not of your nationality, I read JOHN BULL regularly in the far-off country where I live.

I am only a girl of nineteen, but filled with despair.

My father was rich, but after his death my mother took to wasting his money and gambling. I have a terrible life with her if I do not try to supply her with money for this

She is for ever thinking of retrieving our fortunes by this means, and just as regularly losing.

To keep the peace, I have parted with all my jewellery, most of it family heirlooms. My gold anklets, diamond pendants, chased bracelets, hairpins and earrings have gone, which makes me the less valuable to any man as a bride.

I have received offers of marriage, but all have been rejected. What, then, is left to me but suicide?

"HUMANIST" says: Talk of self-destruction is wicked. There are English clergy in your neighbourhood, and I advise you to appeal to them to try and help your mother to overcome her weakness.

Your letter shows ability in English, and at nineteen you ought to try and secure a situation where this would be of use, and so become able to earn your own living.

ROBBER-WIFE

and fool-husband

ALTHOUGH only twenty-eight, I feel old with all I have gone through. This is due to my wife, whom I married five years ago. I loved her passionately, and she appeared to be all I could wish for in a wife.

I was a shop-assistant, and after marriage we continued to live with her parents. Then my firm offered me the post of manager of a branch shop. We were to live on the premises.

My wife, always clever with figures, offered to help me with the books. I had a sad shock when, on the first stock-taking, the money was found short.

Although I had never robbed the firm of one penny, I was sacked.

I had had three miserable months of idleness when I met a member of my old firm who took pity on me and offered to "give me a second chance."

No sooner had I been reinstated than I found, once more, that money was being taken from the till.

Whilst keeping watch, I kept putting in cash out of my own pocket to make the accounts balance, sometimes five shillings, sometimes ten, and even up to three guineas.

Then I caught my wife redhanded. I forgave her, lectured her and tried to keep a stricter watch.

But one day, when hard pressed for time, I sent her to the bank with nearly £50. This she never paid in, but took to pay off debts that she had run up.

I discovered this treachery, and we had a terrible row.

Seeing that I meant to make a clean breast of it, my wife offered to go up to London to do the confessing, offering to clear me by seeing the head of the firm herself.

She set off, but never went near headquarters, nor has she ever returned.

I realised all I could to pay back the stolen money, but the shattering blow came when I found she had robbed the firm, in addition, of nearly £10 of stock.

I am ruined; I have lost my post. I have parted with all my possessions, including a good violin, and by this means I have escaped prison.

But I cannot get another job, nor can I find my wife to extort her confession.

"HUMANIST" says: I can only advise you to try to take any sort of job that comes your way in order to work up from the bottom.

You have been badly let down, but this is due to your incredible folly in allowing an extravagant wife access to your firm's goods and money.

Unless you show more strength of character in keeping your next job under your own control, it won't do you much good when you do get a chance.

"The Greatest of These—" Fund

HUMANITY STAKES—*What Offers?*

Leonard is barefooted

POOR little Leonard's father had a very rough time ever since he was badly wounded and at the point of death during the war. He now receives a weekly pension of 14s. 5d. for a gunshot wound in his shoulder.

But that is not the worst trouble. The war so preyed upon his mind that he is subject to delusions, and early this year he rushed into the police-station with a child's toy pistol, shouting that he was defending his King and country.

Now he is in a mental asylum, separated from his wife and three children—the eldest aged thirteen, the next a delicate boy of eight, and Leonard, aged three years, to whom he is pathetically devoted.

His wife's nerves are in a bad state. She has nothing coming in beyond her husband's small pension and his National Health Insurance benefit, out of which she has to find a weekly rent of 13s. 8d.

"When he is not suffering from delusions," she told us, "my husband is a quiet man and a good father. All his thoughts are for his children and for me. He is always out to help people, and would do anything for children. He once saved a child from being run over.

Now, when he is unable to provide his own kiddies with the boots and clothes they need and to keep his wife from worrying over the problem of how to meet the rent, we feel sure our readers will respond to our call for help, and give a portion of any luck that may come their way through the Derby or any other cause.

Donations for this case, or sent for the help of the fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, London Acre, London, W.C.

Where names and addresses are given, acknowledgments will be sent by post. Lists of subscriptions can be seen at our office, and a copy of the current week's donations will be sent on application.

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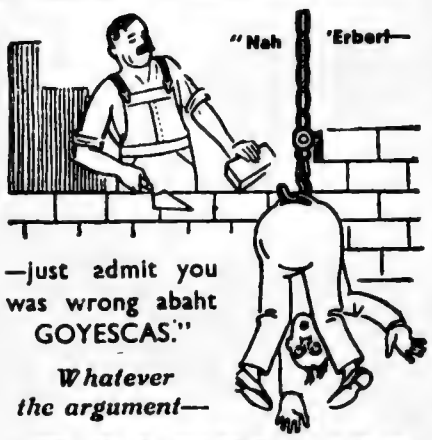

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Justice in WILLS

Do a Man's Responsibilities End with his Death?

THE law as it stands gives a brutal, unscrupulous husband a terrible weapon of intimidation over wife and children and should be amended.

He can bully them through life, with threats of destitution after his death, and even if they submit meekly to his brutality he can still leave them penniless.

If a reasonable proportion of the estate went automatically to the dependants, it would rid them of the spectre of poverty, and prevent many wicked injustices being done.—*A. Adams, Brighton.*

For Reasons Given

There should be a law that if a man wishes deliberately to cut his wife out of his will, the reasons for such action should be clearly stated.

These reasons in their turn should be considered by a committee appointed by the State.

If they were reasonable, the will should stand; if not, the wife should be allowed to benefit.—*M. A. H., Liverpool.*

Free?

We pride ourselves on being a free country, so why should some utterly disinterested party be allowed to alter a man's will after his death?

He alone knows whether his wife and children have been his best friends during his lifetime. If not, why should they benefit by his death?

A man's money is his own to leave to whom he may wish. Let all wills remain untouched; otherwise, why make one at all?—*Kathleen Taylor, Birmingham.*

No Option

A will is unnecessary. When a person dies, his or her property should revert to the State.

Whatever we possess has been acquired through the community. We derive our means of existence, and some amass wealth, by supplying goods or rendering service to one another.

Therefore, it is only right that the community should decide in what manner it should be allotted when one of its number has no further need of it.

The proportion to be given to a near relative or dependant should be determined and fixed by Act of Parliament.—*Wm. Bambrick, London, N.*

Broken Vow

When a man marries he swears to endow his wife with all his worldly goods.

Surely this does not mean during his lifetime only, but for all time. If he neglects to do so, then he is really breaking his marriage vow.

A man is therefore morally (and should be legally) obliged to provide for his wife and family.

The law of inheritance is very unjust. A father ought to be compelled to provide equally for all his children.

Miss Eleanor Rathbone's Bill to secure definite provisions for widows and children through wills is now before the House

Why should an elder son have all and a younger son nothing?—*Mrs. E. Welch, Sunderland.*

Love's Penalty

Because of my refusal to give up the girl of my choice who happens to have religious views repugnant to my father, I am cut out of his will.

He managed to save up a fair sum of money, which when he dies will go to a cat and dog home. This is carrying animosity beyond the grave, and calls for alteration.

While I respect my father, I love my girl, and fail to see why I should be penalised because my intended wife's religion is not acceptable to him.—*Hardhit, N.B.*

Red Light

In almost every walk of life there are sufferers—so too under wills.

But that establishes no case for tampering by law with the cherished right to bequeath one's worldly possessions to whomever one should wish.

I feel for those who really suffer; but any alteration to the law as it stand would establish a dangerous precedent.

In life one is hedged in by restriction and impositions. Is it asking too muc that a person's last mortal wishes sha be respected?—*Robt. W. Lock, Devon.*

Virtue's Reward

I claim to be the best judge of m obligations to the people about me.

I recognise my duty to my wife an family. If they recognise theirs, all well; but should my wife prove unfaith ful, or my son prove unworthy, and have a faithful servant who has helpe me to success, then this servant mus have his reward, and my wife and so be penalised in proportion to the offences and my obligations.

Thus, virtue gets its just reward an incentive.—*Justice, Lancs.*

Spiteful

Had the marriage vows been kept promised, there would have been n necessity for Miss Rathbone's Wills an Intestacies Bill.

Differences will arise, chiefly owing t incompatability of temperament. Suc should not be used by the husband spitefully punish his partner for life.

The real and simple remedy is for th judge in Chambers to decide whethe there was an element of spite in th will.

If so, then the husband should b considered as having died intestate, an the estate should be apportioned accor ing to the law of intestacy.—*Justitia Penygroes.*

Halves

As the law stands wills can be, an very often are, cruel and unjust. D pendants should by law be protected t some extent.

At the same time, we must not ove look the fact that the money is, aft all, the property of the man making th will.

A moderate and equitable way of dea ing with the problem would be to allo the testator to dispose of half his pr perty as he thinks fit, the other half t go to wife and children.—*Capta Bunny, Surrey.*

Marriage Ban

A man whose will provides for penal ing his widow in case she remarri offers a direct incentive to immorality

If he imposes religious conditions, offers a sop to bigotry, and seeks t prevent the free exercise of a ben ficiary's reasoning powers.

To impose age-limits for his children marriage is to interfere with the di tates of Nature.

Every case spells rank injustice, an a limit should be fixed by law upon a person's interference in a future whi will not concern him.—*H. S., Huddersfield.*

* * *

Brief Clauses

I consider Miss Rathbone's Bill slight on the intellectual integrity men.—*A. Lane, Cheshire.*

Why should the living be held bondage by the dead, through t medium of the latter's last will a testament?—*M. H. W., Swansea.*

A man at death is not always respo sible for his actions. Let us preve him doing an injury to himself a others.—*C. B. M., Wavertree.*

A reform urgently needed is t elimination of all personal comments wills. These, of course, can be ma but should never be allowed to be pu lished.—*Beta, York.*

For years lawyers have fattened "juicy" will suits. How their eyes m glisten at the prospect of exploiting t fresh and succulent oyster-bed!—*F. Parker, Liphook.*

No written pronouncement regardi a widow's remarriage should be allow to have any value.—*B. A., Edinburgh.*

OUR LETTER PARLIAMENT

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below, not exceeding 100 words, are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. Envelopes, marked "Letter Parliament," must reach us by first post on Tuesday, June 9.

Flag-Days: My Views

Race with "Silver Ring"

Try This Trio!

AFTER the storm the calm. The Derby of 1931 will be Turf history by the time these notes appear, but I am hoping that Pomme D'Api and Link Boy will have added their names to the scroll of fame by being concerned with the finish.

A large number of readers tell me that they backed Pomme D'Api at 33 to 1, when first the tip appeared in JOHN BULL, and, win or lose, feel satisfied with a good bet.

Anyway, if our little flutter goes down, we have the Oaks, the Bendigo Plate at Kempton, and the Newbury Summer Cup ready to offer consolation.

Lady Marjorie will probably be favourite for the fillies' Classic, in spite of the hold-up in her training. Lindos Ojos is very speedy, and Links Tor will be backed, more so if Link Boy takes the Derby. However, I suggest an each-way bet on Tantine.

This is a French filly, who is over here in the charge of Frank Butters, and in one or two mixed spins at Newmarket with Rose en Soleil and Cassius, she has shown to great advantage. She gallops as if she will stay every yard of the course.

The Bendigo Plate is named after the famous racehorse, but the entry does not pay much tribute to his memory on this occasion. They are a moderate batch, and Shipbourne, who did us a good turn a few weeks back, may come out best.

The Newbury Summer Cup I leave to Prince Paradise, who was very unlucky not to win at York.

"JOHN BULL'S" CODE

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, June 4, to Wednesday, June 10.

P	D	C	X	Z	H	J	S	M	L	T	A	N	G	Q	K			
V	B	R	E	F	I	U	O	Y	W	98	97	96	95	94	93			

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

95 S M X O R 97 O would read GOYESCAS.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. Example:

Y97O297H would read MASSAI.

"SILVER RING."

NORAH BARING praises PLATIGNUM PENS

Read this tribute from a famous film star..

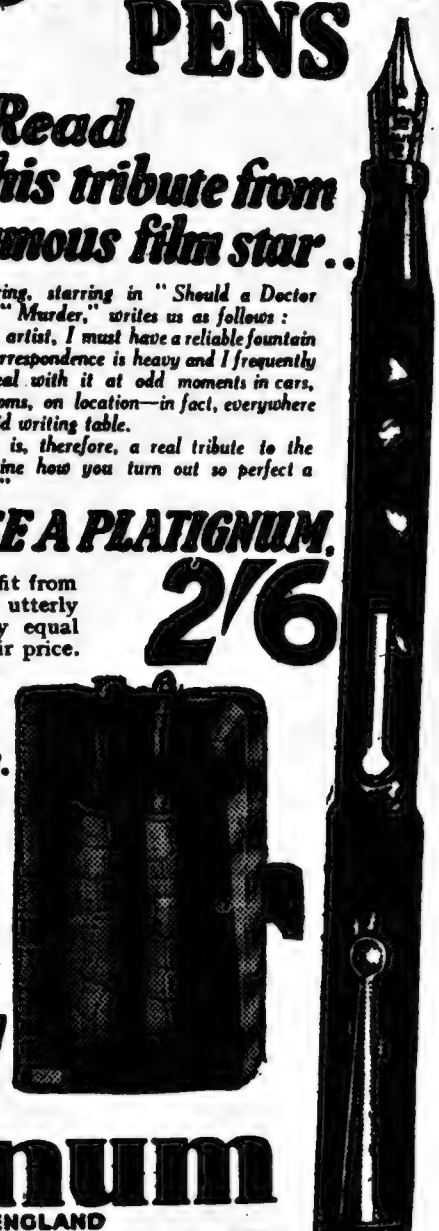
Norah Baring, starring in "Should a Doctor Tell" and "Murder," writes us as follows: "As a film artist, I must have a reliable fountain pen. My correspondence is heavy and I frequently have to deal with it at odd moments in cars, dressing-rooms, on location—in fact, everywhere but at a solid writing table.

"That I do all my writing with a Platignum is, therefore, a real tribute to the quality of your wonderful pens. I cannot imagine how you turn out so perfect a writing instrument at so ridiculously low a price."

YOU TOO, SHOULD USE A PLATIGNUM.

2/6

It is busy people who get the most benefit from the use of Platignum Pens. They are utterly reliable, trouble-free, and in every way equal to pens costing three and four times their price. There are, in all, 19 models, 21 colours and 5 nib points to choose from. Get yours to-day.



The Platignum de Luxe Pen.

Made in six lustrous mottlings, with large ink capacity. Platignum Senior nib. Beautifully finished with pocket clip and filling lever; truly amazing value—2/6.

Platignum de Luxe BIJOU COMPANION SET.

5/-

Refillable pocket book, wallet, pen and pencil in small compass. Book bound "crocodile" leather golden metal edged, 3/-. Also larger model at same price.

Platignum

MADE IN ENGLAND

PENS-PENCILS-WALLET WRITING & DESK SETS

MENTMORE MANFG. Co., Ltd., Dept. BJ.1, Platignum House, Hackney, London, E.9

Illustrated list of Pens, Pencils, Writing, Wallet and Desk Sets free on request.

AMAZING HAIR-GROWTH

AFTER BALDNESS—BY USING KOTALKO

Mrs. Cussell, of Ipswich, writes:

"Dear Sirs,—When I began to use KOTALKO my head was bare and scalp quite shiny, except for a very small place where there remained about a handful of hair. I had used many preparations, in fact, the trouble was not through neglect, but none of them had prevented the existing condition. You can imagine the amazement of myself and friends when, after the use of one box of KOTALKO, new hair could be seen all over my head, and after three boxes had been used my head was covered with a new growth of thick hair, which continued to grow until now I have hair down to my waist in splendid condition."

Legions of other remarkable cases of growth after baldness, falling hair stopped, and dandruff eliminated. KOTALKO is splendid for children's hair, and for all cases of thin and brittle hair or other hirsutal troubles.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

SEND THIS COUPON
(OR COPY IT)

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
2, PERCY ST. (53. SN), LONDON W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Box of KOTALKO with directions for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

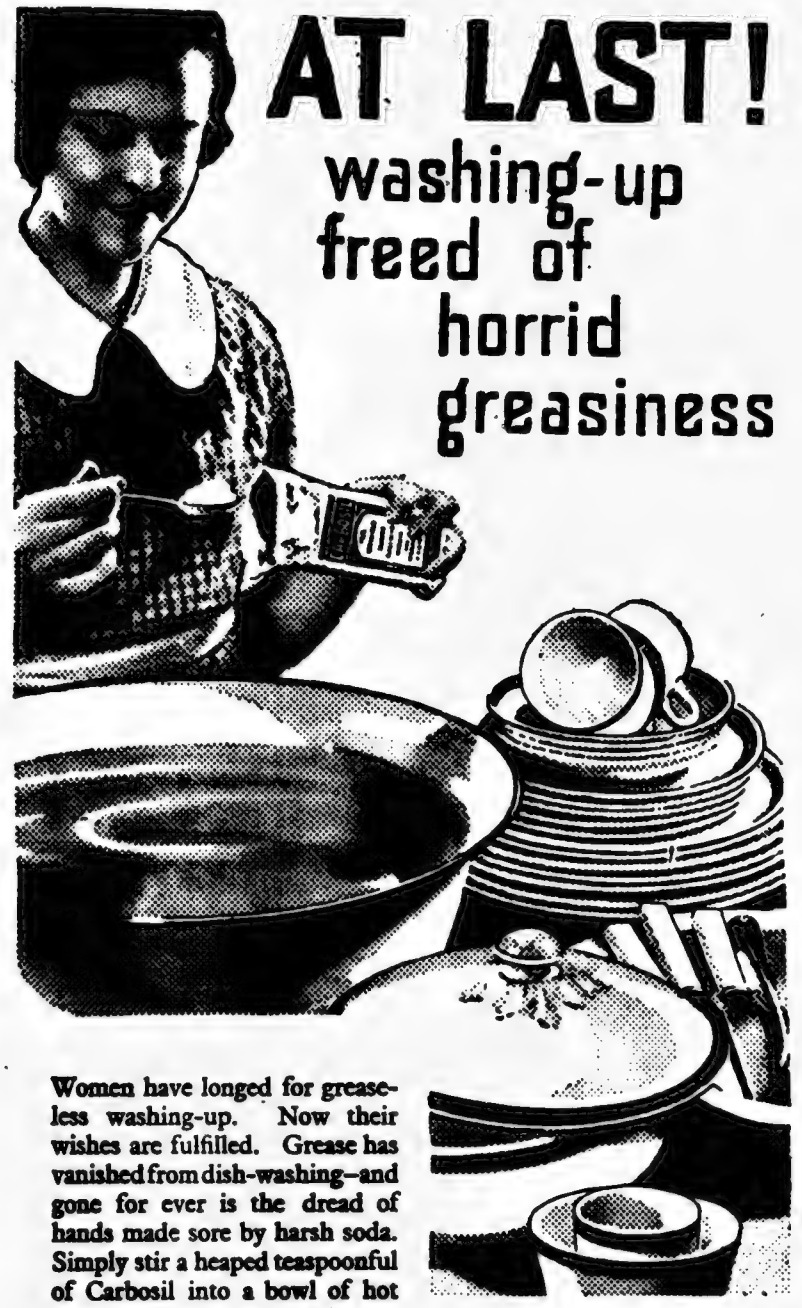
ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

AT LAST!

washing-up freed of horrid greasiness



Women have longed for greaseless washing-up. Now their wishes are fulfilled. Grease has vanished from dish-washing—and gone for ever is the dread of hands made sore by harsh soda. Simply stir a heaped teaspoonful of Carbosil into a bowl of hot water and plunge in the things to be washed. Carbosil tackles the grease and dissolves it. There is none to cloud over the clean plates—none to soil hands and tea-towel.

Carbosil so effectively banishes grease that scores of women have written to thank us. The letters, now to be seen at our head offices, say that Carbosil does all—and more than—we claim for it. And Carbosil is most economical! A twopenny packet contains nearly a month's supply.

CARBOSIL

dissolves grease

Use Carbosil also for washing greasy cloths

CAR 88-143 JOSEPH CROSFIELD & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON

SPECIAL WARNING TO THE PUBLIC.

Why buy foreign dumped ready-made Suits when you can support British Industry and secure far, far better quality Suits made to your own special measures at the lowest price possible for a dependable Suit? We solemnly declare that all our products are entirely of British manufacture. Fill up the coupon on page 27 and you will receive by return the choicest selection of patterns entirely of British origin.

BUY BRITISH!!

EAT A HEARTY MEAL —AND ENJOY IT!

Why not? All that pain and flatulence you get after eating a good meal is simply the result of harmful acid at work in the stomach. It creates a state of fermentation which will continue to exist only so long as you allow it to. You can get rid of the acid, fermentation and discomfort at once by taking a little 'Bisurated' Magnesia in either powder or tablet form. Thousands who suffered for years from such troubles as indigestion, dyspepsia, gastritis and acidity and could find no relief, have taken 'Bisurated' Magnesia on medical advice, and have found their troubles go instantly, to return no more. Such cases are not isolated or unusual ones, for 'Bisurated' Magnesia succeeds in practically every instance. You can get this sure remedy at any chemist's at 1s. 3d. a package. Try it!

New Smooth White Skin In 3 Days

Enlarged Pores and Blackheads Gone Forever!

Unsightly blackheads, pimples, blotches, rough skin scales and sallow darkened colour, have their beginning in enlarged pores—pores that become clogged with greasy dirt, which cannot be washed out. Every enlarged pore is due to skin pore irritation.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy) penetrates the pores instantly, soothes irritated skin-glands, dissolves out pore deep dirt and blackheads, tightens enlarged pores to normal, whitens and softens dark rough skin. By its tonic astringent and nourishing action, the driest skin is toned up and freshened. Oiliness and shiny nose are also completely banished.

Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour (non-greasy) now contains a marvellous new soft creamy-wax, extracted from flowers, combined with predigested dairy cream and olive oil. It gives indescribable new, smooth, white skin-beauty in 3 days—such as can be obtained in no other way.

Use Crème Tokalon Skinfood White Colour every morning. White 1/- & 1/6. Rose 1/3 & 2/-

WONDERFUL PRAM VALUE

Coach-built Pram with concealed Cradle Springs, Ball Bearings, Ribbed Cushion Tyres, Detachable Hood, Mudguards, Storm Apron, complete & Carriage Paid 69/-

5/- now

TERMS: 5/- now, & 11 monthly payments of 5/- if satisfied. Fullest Approval. Catalogue of Prams and Baby Cars, Post Free. Keenest Prices, Easy Terms

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

SPECIAL X-WORD OFFER FOR JOHN BULL'S 25TH BIRTHDAY!

DOUBLE BIRTHDAY BONUS ADDED TO EVERY WINNER'S PRIZE

Extra Double Birthday Bonus for every prize-winner of 25s. cash and Cross-word "Season Ticket," allowing free entry weekly for "John Bull" Cross-words for 25 weeks.

£1,000

Easy to Enter—No claims required

AN EXTRA £50 FOR RUNNERS UP

HERE is "John Bull's" Great 25th Birthday Celebration Contest. The gigantic sum of £1,000 cash *must be won* in this fascinating and simple contest—easy to enter—no claims required. In addition there is £50 offered for runners-up and a special Extra Double Birthday Bonus for every prize-winner of 25s. cash and Cross-word "Season Ticket," allowing free entry weekly for 25 weeks. Do not miss the opportunity of joining in this grand Birthday Celebration—ENTER NOW.

"JOHN BULL" will pay £1,000 for a correct solution, on one form, of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £50 will be divided between those competitors whose solutions contain one error only or only one error more than the winning solution. Solution of puzzle will be published in "John Bull" on sale on Thursday, June 18, and winner in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 25.

Winners in X-Word No. 11 appear on page 14.

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 116

D	A	B	S	■	F	A	G	S	■	O	■	■	■	■
A	I	L	E	D	■	C	O	O	K	E	D	■	■	■
I	R	E	■	R	A	T	E	D	■	A	Y	■	■	■
R	■	S	H	I	N	■	S	A	B	R	E	■	■	■
Y	E	S	■	P	O	D	■	E	S	■	■	■	■	■
■	A	R	■	T	O	I	L	S	■	C	■	■	■	■
B	R	E	A	T	H	E	■	A	E	R	O	■	■	■
A	■	L	I	R	E	■	O	T	T	E	R	■	■	■
R	O	L	L	E	R	■	C	I	N	K	■	■	■	■
D	■	■	W	■	S	E	N	A	T	E	■	■	■	■
■	C	O	W	S	■	E	A	P	E	R	■	■	■	■
N	E	W	S	■	L	A	N	C	E	R	S	■	■	■

J.B.116

Result will be published next week. The solution of "John Bull" X-word No. 116 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our X-word competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required for this X-word, as all entries are being carefully examined by our staff.

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

1.—Complete puzzle IN ORDINARY INK, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil; cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry Fee for 1 double entry form is SIXPENCE—for 2 double entry forms send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press, Ltd., and cross it / & Co. /; write name, address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in its number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON, Thursday, June 11th.

2.—No competitor may submit more than two double entry forms. Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, June 25th. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the £1,000 prize, he must demand a Scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, July 7th, in accordance with directions given with result weekly. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with additional award of £50 CASH. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to number of words which wrongly answer the Clues given.

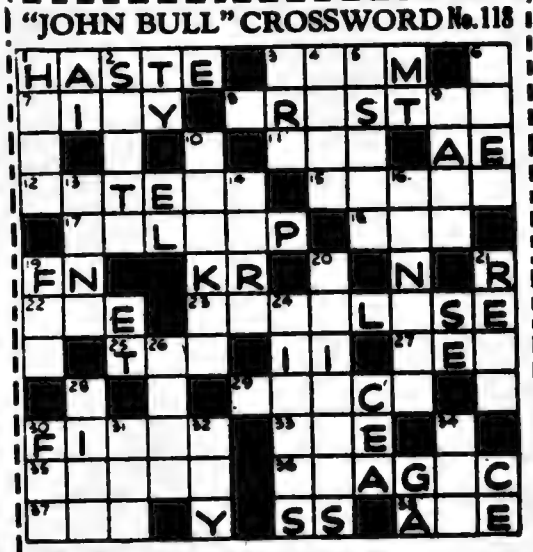
4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one share of it.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible.

ENTRY FEE. With one coupon send Postal Order for SIXPENCE. With 2 coupons, send P.O. for ONE SHILLING. See Rule 1.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 118



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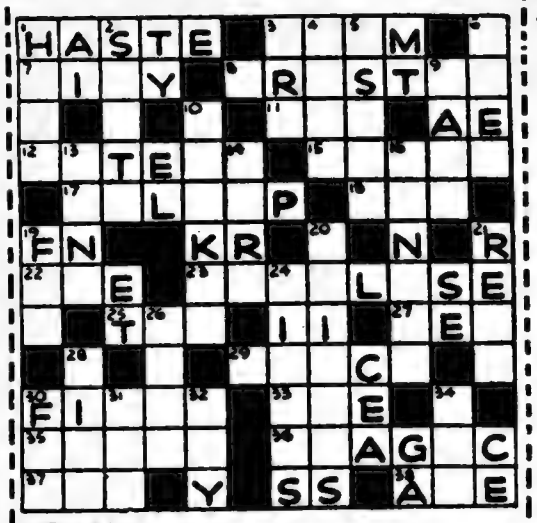


JB·118

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 1 Coupon 6D.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JUNE 11th.

CLUES ACROSS.

1. Hurry.
3. First man.
7. Greasy.
8. Tough part of an animal.
11. Came together.
12. Great respect.
15. Short for "departments."
17. Not awake.
18. Regret.
22. Poem.
23. Make legal.
25. Make effort.
27. Observe.
29. A collection.
30. Are shown at kinemas.
33. Indicates maiden name.
35. Modify to suit.
36. Calamitous.
37. Morning moisture.
38. Consumed.

CLUES DOWN.

1. Last thing workless give up.
2. You can see through these.
3. Equip with weapons.
4. Expired.
5. Star-like flower.
6. Many are stung by these.
9. Opposite to "early."
10. Thus Henpeck hands over wages.
13. Sonny builds castles with.
14. A pool (poetic).
16. Penalise.
19. Seen in the fields.
20. On legs, usually.
21. Angler's line is sometimes caught in.
24. Tremendous men.
26. Animals do, when excited.
28. Animal may provide this.
30. Cranky notion.
31. Provides barrister's living.
32. Pig house.
34. Causes foam at the mouth.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 118

JB·118 DO NOT CUT HERE.

JB·118

In entering this competition I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose P.O. No. .....
P.O. for sixpence must be enclosed to cover One Double Entry Form, and Shilling P.O. to cover Two Double Entry Forms.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Coupons 1/-

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

CLOSING DATE THURSDAY, JUNE 11th.

If entering two coupons, cut them out separately—add name and address to both.

HOW TO ADDRESS ENTRY

Send Entry in envelope bearing 1½d. stamp and post to "John Bull" Crosswords (No. 118), 37, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (temp.

The Editor Replies

THE Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service, who will deal with any matter causing anxiety to our readers. Simply send a stamped, addressed envelope with your query.

A. D. (Abergwill).—"We must all hang together." We'll be hanged if we will.

F. H. (Epsom).—"Motorists are the worst offenders for leaving litter behind." The road hogs!

AIR FORCE (Uxbridge).—"Scott's wonderful flight to Australia has soon been forgotten." Merely a nine days' wonder.

B. M. (Bath).—"The worst writers are to be found among the 'aristocracy.' You must have blue blood in your veins.

F. V. (Ely).—"Do you collect old coins?" No, it takes us all our time to get hold of current ones.

S. M. (Todmorden).—"I've invented a new latchkey." But will your wife let you use it?

SCIENTIST (Wakefield).—"Coal and diamonds are essentially the same thing." Carbon copies of each other.

METEOROLOGIST (Kew). — "England gets a fair share of wet weather." You mean an unfair share.

M. P. (Leeds).—"They buried three little films under the foundations of a new kinema." Why only three?

CHESS EXPERT (Newquay).—"I haven't played for two years." Still, it may be your move again any day now.

L. M. (Surrey).—"Television will be here by 1933." Well, we're safe for another two years, anyhow.

B. N. (Coventry).—"What the eye doesn't see ——" The feet will probably fall over.

D. S. (Slough).—"When does a luxury become a necessity?" When you find you can pay the first instalment on it.

DRAMATIST (Runcorn).—"The dramatist's name on the playbills is almost too small to read." He is perhaps afraid to own up.

MRS. L. (Andover).—"I am sure she means all the nasty things she says about me." It's the nice things she says that she doesn't mean.

J. R. (Uttoxeter).—"I have discovered a fluid which dissolves everything it touches." Then what on earth do you keep it in?

MRS. C. (Sheffield).—"On Saturday evenings I always discuss the next week's meals with cook." You're an optimist.

W. R. (Stoke).—"The plaintiff and defendant in a recent court case were called Fish and Chipps." No wonder they got into the newspaper.

F. S. (Dewsbury).—"Trouble knocked at my door while I was away at business." And did he persuade your wife to buy?

P. G. (Buxton).—"In order to become a pianist, it is not necessary to begin playing when very young." We must bring this to the notice of the parents of the child next door.

MRS. S. (Hull).—"I had to impress on my new maid that, when my husband puts his shoes outside the bedroom door, it means that they have to be cleaned." And what does it mean if they are left outside the front door?

L. N. (Kew).—"Here is a photograph of my car. It was given to me." You were swindled.

R. C. (Derby).—"Tourists are like sheep." They often get fleeced?

JIM (Barnsbury).—"My wife has one strange peculiarity." She's fond of you.

W. R. (Fulham).—"A modern father should make generous allowances for an extravagant son." He generally has to.

J. H. (Grassington).—"I grew some tulips six feet high." You shouldn't be a gardener; you're a born angler.

WAITER (Berwick).—"Nowadays, tips come to nothing." Especially for the 3.30.

B. M. (Leigh).—"Do you ever tell your business worries at home?" Only when the wife wants more money.

A. T. (Seacombe).—"The grass doesn't grow under my feet when I'm at work." Employed in a coal mine?

W. H. (Bourne).—"The motorist was very offensive." Do you mean he ran you down?

B. T. (Burnley).—"Brains got me my money." Well, you're not the only man who had a clever father.

F. B. (Barnes).—"I read that the world owes us all a living." It is our job, however, to go out and collect it.

J. McD. (Aberdeen).—"I really don't know what to give my wife for a birthday present." Don't worry. Give her the coupons and let her get her own.

B. C. (Leeds).—"A magazine has been published in America for and by lunatics." It is unique only in admitting the fact.

G. F. (Weymouth).—"The telephone exchange girls struck because they were not allowed to wear coloured stockings." Only black legs remained at work.

M. O. (Wearside).—"In these bad times market gardeners must have plenty of grit." But they need not leave so much on their lettuces.

C. G. (Redcar).—"A commercial traveller should possess imagination." Except when he's making out his expenses account.

TOM (Newark).—"She gave a sigh as I passed her in the street." Of relief?

D. S. (Burnley).—"I dread quarter day." You'll have a three-quarters day next January.

P. M. (Atherstone).—"It's rain, rain and nothing but rain." Oh, be fair—we do occasionally get a little sleet!

NEARLY 30 (York).—"I've been asked to get married several times." By your parents?

A. H. (Kendal).—"Do you know of a teetotal drink with a body in it?" Cod-liver oil.

J. L. (Dover).—"The girls of to-day are pretty little witches." Yet they seem strangers to the broomstick.

P. M. (Kennington).—"Cricket was once played in top hats." To-day it's bowlers we need.

THOS. D. (Southport).—"Britain is the only country that tolerates the seaside concert-party." A land fit for pierrots to live in!

CURATE (Blackpool).—"What happens to a man who lives far beyond his station?" Sooner or later, he buys a car.

A. W. (Colchester).—"I know a man charged with forgery, and yet he cannot even write his own name." He evidently could write someone's else's.

W. D. (Cromer).—"This article makes the thirteenth attempt to get into your paper, but I may say that I am not superstitious." We are.

F. D. (Hampstead).—"I dropped my false teeth in the water while fishing." They are now probably in the mouth of the river.

C. S. (Wivenhoe).—"Several of my neighbours came round the other evening to see if I was ill." Wasn't your wireless set oscillating?

J. E. (Dorchester).—"Would the enclosed photograph lead anyone to suppose that I am a broken man?" No, just cracked.

S. R. (Bristol).—"In a German theatre a man got up and shouted: 'This play cannot go on!'" There is no need to do this in London.

MRS. F. (Streatham).—"I wouldn't call any of the boys I see playing in the streets my son." We can't imagine that any of their parents would want you to.

MRS. T. (Reading).—"A book is shortly to be published showing the different ways in which a cup of coffee can be made." It should make stirring reading.

A. M. C. (Derby).—"One day I hope to see the sights of Britain—but I'll have to wait till television comes." Why wait? With a little vision, you can pocket the £450 offered for a few words on page 39.

MEDICO (Glasgow).—"Women who are reducing do not lose weight during the performance of their exercises, but while they are asleep in bed." Hips that pass in the night!

F. P. (Stockwell).—"Those who attend wireless studios during performances are cautioned against being too exuberant in their appreciation." It is unnecessary to issue such an instruction to listeners-in.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Write to "John Bull" About It!

SIDE-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. In the event of the same "Slip" being sent by more than one reader, the award is paid to sender of the first letter opened. Mark envelopes "Slips."

CLYDEBANK PRESS: — "The hall was filled, and many were UNFORTUNATE in gaining admittance."

GLASGOW EASTERN STANDARD:—"Witness had been taking the names and addresses of two TOYS for loitering.

BIRMINGHAM EVENING DESPATCH:—"A talented troupe of juvenile DANGERS."

CREDIT WORLD AND HIRE PURCHASE TRADER:—"I have observed many occasions upon which a customer has opened his mouth and put his FOOD in it, but very seldom have I known a trader do it."

WALLASEY WEEKLY POST:—"Rushing to her room, Louise dressed in PASTE."

ISLINGTON AND HOLLOWAY PRESS:—"Several debutantes are among the bevy of girls who will carry the cake into the BATHROOM."

DETECTIVE MAGAZINE:—"Darby set his alarm clock and flung himself down to snatch a little SHEEP."

SCHOOLGIRL:—"Flossie Bull appeared, pulling on a dressing-ROOM."

EDINBURGH EVENING NEWS:—"Pony for sale, six years old, 13 H.P."

SOUTH SHIELDS DAILY GAZETTE:—"Ali Mohamed fired three SHOES."

BRIDGEND EMPIRE SHOPPING WEEK PROGRAMME:—"Ferocious dogs and OWNERS must be provided with a muzzle."

BATH AND WILTS CHRONICLE:—"The police have been informed and are making INJURIES."

AT THE PICTURES.. a quick touch of beauty

POWDER CREAM MIRROR ALL IN ONE 1/-

Just before the lights go up—a happy thought—restore your radiant freshness with a quick touch of Potter and Moore's Powder Cream. It *clings perfectly without clogging* and maintains its lovely finish for the rest of the evening. The dainty handbag jar is the sweetest ever and the sparkling bijou Mirror is delightfully handy.
In all shades from Chemists, Coiffeurs and stores.

Potter & Moore's MITCHAM LAVENDER POWDER CREAM

WHAT SHOULD A MOTHER GIVE

to pacify baby when he cries and cries and cannot sleep? He would not cry if he were not in pain, and the only remedy is to remove the cause of the pain. Rocking baby on the knee, walking him up and down the room, will not put matters right. It will only tire out the poor mother. **WHEN BABY CRIES** his pains are nearly always caused through **FLATULENCE, COLIC, INDIGESTION** or **TEETHING** and in such cases the infallible safe family remedy which has been recommended by doctors, mothers and nurses for nearly 80 years, is

"GRIPE WATER"
(Carminative) (Brand)
MADE BY
WOODWARD
CHEMIST—LONDON
A teaspoonful two or three times a day.

KEEPS BABY WELL

It breaks up the wind, promotes digestion and enables baby to obtain healthy and restful sleep.

FREE SAMPLE COUPON.
W. WOODWARD Ltd., Pixley St., London, E.14.
Please send me a FREE SAMPLE.
NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
J.B.4. .....

Competitors—
IF YOU ENTER JOHN BULL
"Bullets" or Crossword COMPETITIONS
you can't afford to be without

The Leader

The Recognised Authority on Competition Matters

If you are entering either of the competitions promoted by "John Bull," or those which are now appearing in the majority of Sunday papers, you will stand a much better chance of winning if you follow the reliable solutions and pages of advice which are given in every issue of THE LEADER. Recent statistics show that our readers are carrying off seven out of every ten big prizes awarded by the newspapers, whilst in literary competitions they stand supreme.

READERS OF THE LEADER HAVE WON 16 OUT OF LAST 20 'BULLETS' FIRST PRIZES!

whilst out of the Crossword competitions promoted by "John Bull" during the same period, the first prize has been won (or at least shared) by readers of THE LEADER on fifteen different occasions. What finer proof could be required of the reliability of our solutions? If you have any doubt which is the most reliable competition paper—ask your newsagent! He will tell you that no similar publication sells anywhere near as many copies every week as THE LEADER.

OVER £140,000 WON THIS YEAR BY REGULAR READERS

In addition to solutions and advice you will find many competition coupons in THE LEADER which you may use, or for keeping a copy of your entries. You will also find complete short Stories; Pictures; Paper Pattern feature; Gardening Notes; Cookery Hints and something to interest every member of the family.

ON SALE TO-DAY

Your Newsagent has your copy.

2D.

Over 600,000 Copies sold every week.

now blackened RUINS

EIGHT little cottages in a row. Roofs of thatch gave them a picturesque old-world look; smoke curling lazily up the chimneys conjured up happy family circles.

And now these eight little homes in Hickling, Norfolk, are completely wiped out. A stray spark from a chimney lodged in the thatch, smouldered and then burst into flame. A heap of ruin is all that is left of these pretty homes.

Five of the families were covered under "John Bull's" Great Free Insurance Gift, and cheques to assist them to make a fresh start have been speeded on their way.

This is typical of the way in which "John Bull's" Free Insurance works. Against Fire, Storm, Flood, Sickness, "John Bull" covers you free. Have you registered?

We give below the names of a few readers who have received cheques on account of fire damage.

FIRE—up to £400.

HALIFAX.—Mrs. E. Booth, 11, Albion St., Brighouse.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. T. Whitchurch, 2, Queen St., North Ormesby.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. M. Blake, 100, Wellington St., Winson Green.
GUDST, NORFOLK.—Mrs. C. M. Hill, Station Rd., Foulsham.
ROWERBY BRIDGE, YORKS.—Mr. R. Elliott, 146, West St.
PICKERING, YORKS.—Mr. S. G. Fletcher, The Villa, Eastgate.
BUXTON.—Mrs. E. N. Hayes, 95, Queen's Rd., Fairfield.
GLASGOW, N.—Mrs. S. Finnen 73, Closeburn St.
GLASGOW, C.3.—Mrs. M. Alexander, 73, Lumsden St.
DARLINGTON.—Mr. H. Smailes, Granary Cottage, Whessoe Rd.
HEBBURN, CO. DURHAM.—Mrs. J. Wastle, 58, Rose St.
BELLSHILL, LANARKSHIRE.—Mr. J. Glassford, 28, Crossgates.
BURTON-ON-TRENT. — Mrs. W. Warren, 100, Oxford St., Church Cresley.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. J. Hollands, 19, Fowles Place.
BRISTOL.—Mr. R. C. Tanbourne, 20, York Gardens, Clifton.
LLANELLY.—Mr. I. Phillips, 9, Clanyraffin Row, Felinfoel.
DUNDEE.—Mrs. J. Baxter, 59, Overgate.
MALDON, ESSEX.—Mr. J. Emmerson, 18, Coach Lane.
LONG EATON, DERBYSHIRE.—Mr. J. S. Moore, 26, College St.
ROCHDALE, LANCS.—Mr. L. Hanson, 18, Ward St.
MIDDLESBROUGH.—Mr. A. Cuthbertson, 45, Station St.
HICKLING, NORFOLK.—Mr. W. A. Brooks, Town St., Mr. H. Mallett, Town St., Mr. F. Durrant, Stable Rd., late of Town St.
LEITH.—Mr. J. McIntyre, 7, Lindsay Rd.
TALGARTH, BRECONSHIRE.—Mrs. E. M. Edwards, Ashburnham.
STAINES, MIDDX.—Mrs. E. Blair, 8, Mill Mead.
PORT TALBOT.—Mr. J. Corcoran, 22, Church Street, Cwmavon.
LONDON, E.17.—Mrs. E. Searle, 34, Clacton Rd.
DONCASTER.—Mrs. W. Winfield, 69, Broadway, Doncroft, Hatfield.
LONDON, E.16.—Mrs. S. Foster, 18, Ernest Rd., Canning Town.
CARAU, NR. BELFAST.—Mrs. E. J. P. Elliott, 3, Glanavon Terr.
LEEDS.—Mrs. C. Wharton, 4, Sandford Rd., Kirkstall.
WALLSEND-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. C. Dodds, 2, Collingwood Ave., High Farm.

THE *ONLY* PAPER TO COVER YOU AGAINST FIRE

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

***Hand* this Coupon to your Newsagent.**

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 6/6/31.

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age .....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

.....
Date .....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 6/6/31.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT GIFT TO YOU!
HAD YOURS YET?

One Shilling
Gift Voucher
This Gift Voucher will be accepted as One Shilling in part payment of the famous "John Bull" Lever Filler 5/- Pen (guaranteed for five years). Only one voucher will be accepted in part payment for each pen.
1/-

"John Bull's" Great Threefold Gift Offer is proving tremendously popular. Write for yours to-day. Cut out voucher opposite, value One Shilling. Post at once, together with postal order for 4/-, plus 6d. to cover postage, packing and insurance (4/6 in all). You will then receive—

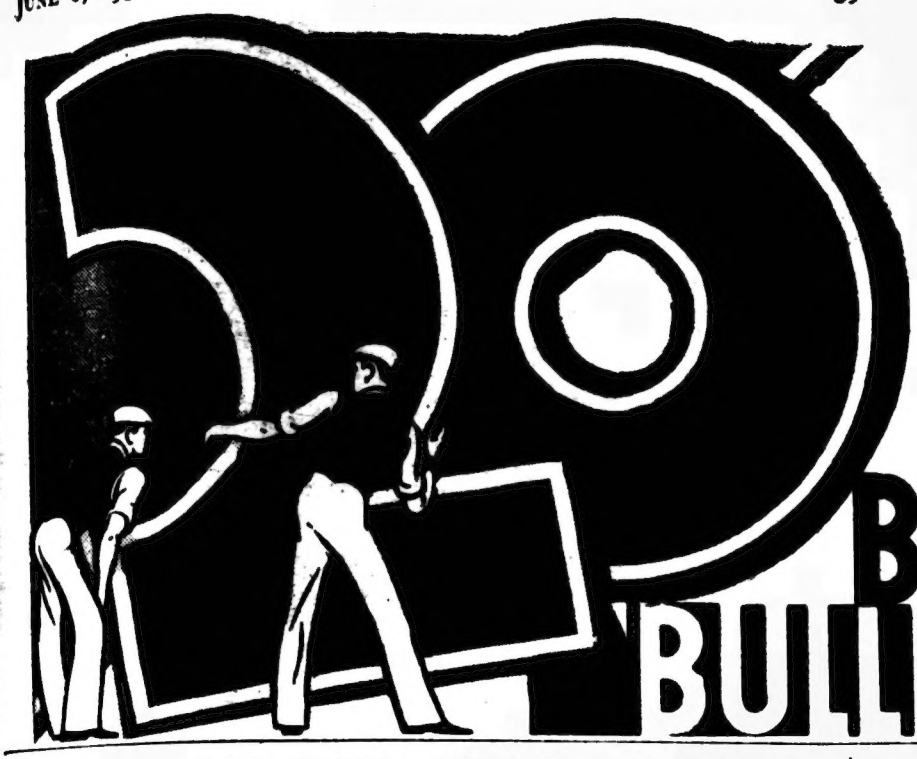
(1) A 5/- "John Bull" Pen fitted with 14-carat gold nib;
(2) A 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil; and
(3) A 24-carat Gold-plated Cuff-links.

Name of the latest pattern.

Name engraved in gold on Pen 6d. extra.

Make p.o. payable to "John Bull," crossed & Co.

Address: "John Bull" Pen Dept., 27, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.



FIRST PRIZE AGAIN INCREASED

£450

SECOND PRIZE £75 THIRD PRIZE £50

OTHER PRIZES

£40 £30 £20 £19 £18 £17
£16 £15 £14 £13 £12 £11 £10

4 PRIZES OF £8

25 PRIZES OF £1
500 PRIZES OF 2/6
8,000 'TARGET' PRIZES

BIG BULLETS CHEQUES

THIS WEEK ONLY

BE QUICK FOR "BULLETS" BIG TWENTY!

THIS week comes a further increase in the number of big *Bullets* cheques. Augmenting the offer of a First which has now swollen to £450, there are nineteen other opportunities for you to gain a place in the *Bullets* sun.

The prizes for the nineteen runners-up range from £75 down to £8, and any of the "Big Twenty" can be yours for a few well-chosen words. Why not devote half-an-hour this evening to winning the money for your holiday?

To make a *Bullet* you have merely to add any TWO, THREE or FOUR WORDS of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* adjoining.

Here is a specimen to help you. Suppose you choose the *Example* RAMSAY'S TEAM, the added words SNOWDEN'S "HITTING" HASN'T HELPED would complete a *Bullet*.

The twenty-three successful *Bullets* below will give you further hints on winning styles. Study them carefully, get busy with some of your own, and see that they are in by Saturday, June 13, if you want one of this week's many big cheques.

OVER £1,000 CASH AWARDED THIS WEEK!

FIRST PRIZE OF £500—COMPETITION No. 804

Mr. W. Savage, 11, Normanton Grove, Holbeck, Leeds.
Example:—SHE'D BE HAPPY IF
Bullet:—*Her* "PRINCE" TALKED BUSINESS.

SECOND PRIZE OF £50:

Mrs. R. Parkes, 22, Devenport Road, Shepherd's Bush, W.
Example:—Out Of The Blue
Bullet:—Danube—Grandmamma "Hooked" Grandpapa
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

THIRD PRIZE OF £25:

Mr. W. H. Kiely, "Hursley Cottage," Hermitage Road, Knaphill, Woking.
Example: Seeds Of Success
Bullet:—"Beans" Father Gave Me.

20 PRIZES OF £6 EACH:

R. BUCKBY, 42, Bolingbroke Road, West Kensington.
Peeling The Bump—Pedestrian "Foretold Driver's Future."

F. H. DAY, Hartlebury, Forlease Road, Maidenhead.
Flabbergasted—Telephone Grumbler—Shown Exchange!

Mrs. EXLEY, "Craven," Higher Reedley Road, Burnley.
Play The Game And—Let Prince "Play" Also.

Miss M. GRIFFITHS, Brynffynon, Cross Hands, Llanelly.
Play The Game And—Give "Game" Fair Play.
(Entered on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

W. HALFORD, 35, Harold Street, Ammanford.
Because He Thinks—Hiking Dangerous, Kill-joy "Rambles."

E. HALL, 10, Haddon Street, Middlesbrough.
Shouldn't Be Necessary—Nor Forbidden, Hospital Lotteries.

Miss M. I HALL, 58, Mundella Road, Nottingham.
Fresh As A Daisy—In Night-club—Charwoman!

F. LAMBERT, Chartridge Lane, Chesham.
In His Spare Time—"Preparation" That "Cured" Poverty.

Miss L. LAWSON, 159, Hyde Road, Manchester.
Fresh As A Daisy—Brightening "Stony Ground" Wife.

A. LITTON, 42, Lawrence Road, Southsea.
Seeds Of Success—Succeed In "Undisturbed Land."

W. McLEAN, 96, Dunbar Street, Glasgow.
Fresh As A Daisy—Awoke—After Horticultural Lecture.

H. McQUEEN, 1, Fulbar Street, Renfrew, N.B.
Seeds Of Success—Crushed By "Tramping Feet."

T. MUTTER, Galloways Building, Maddiston, Falkirk.
Losing Business—Sometimes Because *Lacking* Rivals.

W. OATES, 30, Murhall Street, Buralem.
The Prince's Next Job—Moulding "Captains" Into Team.

E. PHILLIP, A.B., H.M.S. "Titania," Portland.
Losing Business — Blackmailer — Modern Scandal's Open!

W. PRICE, 62, City Road, Beeston, Notts.
In The Farmyard—"Got Those Statistics, Giles?"

C. W. SMITH, 18, Oldberry Road, Edgware.
When My Turn Comes—I Won't Need "Calling."

D. B. STEWART, 844, Shettleston Road, Glasgow.
The Prince's Next Job—*Making* The Darned Stuff?

L. WALDEN, Terrace Road, Walton-on-Thames.
Peeling The Bump—Government "Riding Over" Us.

J. W. WEST, 12, Oliver Avenue, Milvain, Newcastle-on-Tyne.
A Toss-up—Humiliating—She Expected Duel.

A list of 50 £5 and 500 2/6 prize-winners can be seen at these offices.

ALL PRIZES HAVE BEEN POSTED.

The original cheque for £1,000 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 803 will be displayed in the window of Mr. T. E. Blythe, 92, Beulah Road, London, E.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the chief prizes in "Bullets" No. 806 usually purchase "John Bull."

SENSATIONAL PRIZE FOR "BULLETS" NO. 810

Free Holidays for Life and £3,000
—or £3,500 CASH.

USE THIS COUPON TO SECURE

FREE "BULLETINS"

Our free weekly help for would-be winners is waiting to help you into the prize-list. Make sure of a copy every Thursday by completing this coupon.

I enclose P.O. value 6d. (crossed "and Co." payable to "John Bull") to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of *Bullets Bulletin*, commencing with next available issue.

Write Name and Address clearly.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

.....

Post to "Bulletin" Dept., Odhams Press Ltd., 10, Stuart's Gardens, London, W.C.2.

(Do not enclose this coupon with your "Bullets" entry.)

Examples for Competition No. 808

RAMSAY'S TEAM	NOT ALONE	SWEETER ATMOSPHERE
UNDERMINING THE COUNTRY	HOUSE ON FIRE	A BAD START
TRADE WILL REVIVE WHEN	WHEN THE HARM'S DONE	HELPLESS
HOLDING THE REINS	TREAT FOR MOTHER	I BET
WHEN I REACH 100	WAITING PATIENTLY	NICELY
SPLITTING HAIRS	THEY'RE SO RICH THAT	ALWAYS LOSING
DOING WHAT SHE LIKES	GOING THE WHOLE HOG	SUNNY SMILE
OUT OF DANGER	OUR LOCAL PAPER	OUR TEAM
VILLAGE SHOP-KEEPER	INVISIBLE	SHAKING THE FOUNDATIONS
RAGE FOR LIFE	HE WORKS HARD, BUT	PROBLEM OF THE AGE
DRINK MORE MILK AND	FAMILY UPHEAVAL	

Example _____ Closing SAT. June 13
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(808) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. June 13
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(808) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. June 13
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(808) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ Closing SAT. June 13
Bullet _____

Example _____
Bullet _____

(808) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in more than eight "Bullets" you can write the extra efforts on plain paper.

Address Coupons: "Bullets" No. 808, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

"BULLETS" RULES.—1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. **2.** Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed & Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated. **3.** The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible to compete.

"My Dear, You Look RUN-DOWN!"

Yeast-Vite is Life

Read The Record Offer Below

'You *MUST* Take YEAST-VITE

Take 'Yeast-Vite' Now! Notice the way your Spirits Brighten—see how Quickly your Pains Leave you—experience the 'verve' and Vitality that permeates your body—feel the Health Surge through your being to make you Happy and Vigorous—to bring back the Sparkle to your Eye and the Rosy Glow of Health to your Cheeks! 'Yeast-Vite' Tones, but it is MORE than a Tonic—it Stimulates, but it is MORE than a Stimulant. 'Yeast-Vite' is a Health BUILDER. It supplies your body with the very 'bricks' of Health—VITAMINS — those mysterious but POWERFUL factors whose discovery is one of the Sensational Achievements of Science!

NO CURE NO PAY!

£5,000 Guarantee

This is unquestionably the most HONEST STRAIGHTFORWARD and Fair-Dealing Offer ever made to the British Public. For your Health's Sake accept it *TO-DAY*. Simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of YEAST-VITE Brand Tablets from any Chemist. Try them at our risk and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWERS PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of YEAST-VITE, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full without question, under our £5,000 Guarantee.

YOUR QUICK-HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 Minutes
HEADACHES - -	*Deliverance* .	In 5/15 Minutes
LASSITUDE - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 Minutes
DEPRESSION - -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 Minutes
"NERVES" - - -	*Steadiness* . .	In 10/20 Minutes
INDIGESTION - -	*Keen Appetite* .	In 15/30 Minutes
EXHAUSTION - -	*Animation* - -	In 15/30 Minutes
SLEEPLESSNESS -	*Calm Repose* -	In 30/60 Minutes
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief* . .	In 24 Hours
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity* . .	In 36 Hours
IMPURE BLOOD -	*Purification* - -	In 36 Hours

GOOD HEALTH SECRET

'Yeast-Vite' is an accurate scientific combination of Pure Medicinal Yeast (Saccharomycetis Cerevisiæ) Vitamins, and other Valuable Tonic ingredients as Prescribed by Leading Specialists.

Yeast-Vite

Brand Tonic Tablets. From all Chemists, Price 1/3, 3/- and 5/- Per Bottle.

T.C.R.

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